

SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 498, Vol. 19.

May 13, 1865.

Price 6d.
Stamped 7d.

AMERICA.

THE American war is virtually ended by the capitulation of General JOHNSTON. It seems uncertain whether he had power to bind General TAYLOR, who commands the remnant of the Confederate force in Tennessee and Alabama, and he has probably no relations with General KIRBY SMITH, or the army beyond the Mississippi. There can, however, be no doubt that the Confederates on the East of the river will gladly accept the terms which have been conceded to the principal armies in Virginia and North Carolina. A more prolonged defence of Texas is intrinsically possible, but the eventual conquest of that State by the undivided forces of the Union would be so absolutely certain that no leader would be able to command the obedience of the army in an enterprise which could only terminate in defeat. The defeat and dissolution of the main armies of the Confederacy practically terminates armed resistance to the Government of Washington. General GRANT, with the good taste of a genuine soldier, appears to have allowed SHERMAN the just satisfaction of receiving JOHNSTON's surrender. The general who has done more than any other to accelerate the final triumph of the Federal arms was fairly entitled, notwithstanding a recent indiscretion, to receive the prize of victory. Mr. STANTON would have been less generous and less just if in this matter he had been consistent with the tone and language of his late despatches. It would even seem that the SECRETARY FOR WAR has transferred to SHERMAN the jealous dislike which he formerly exhibited to McCLELLAN. Except for the purpose of exciting public irritation, it was unnecessary to circulate the probably apocryphal statement that Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS had escaped southward, with considerable treasure, during the truce between SHERMAN and JOHNSTON.

The objections of the Cabinet to General SHERMAN's singular project of pacification were more legitimate and natural. It is surprising that any general should so deliberately exceed any possible powers which might be supposed to attach to his commission. Notwithstanding his great services, and the importance of the force which was entrusted to his charge, General SHERMAN was only second in command; and his military superior was within easy reach of communication. The Lieutenant-General himself had been strictly limited, by the express order of the late PRESIDENT, to the negotiation of minor military arrangements with the enemy, and to the acceptance of unqualified submission; and the correspondence between General GRANT and General LEE must have been well known to SHERMAN at the time when he assumed the political function of concluding a definite peace. The only decision of similar importance which has been taken by any modern commander of an army was the Convention of Campo Formio, by which Venice was ceded to Austria in 1796. General BONAPARTE, however, had, by his own unaided genius, conquered for his country the advantageous peace which he dictated, and he had good reason for despising the feeble Directory which then administered the Executive Government in France. During the American war the PRESIDENT has steadily maintained the authority of the civil power over even the most successful commanders. One general after another has been summarily dismissed, and the entire control of political affairs has remained with the Government. It can hardly be supposed that SHERMAN expected to be disavowed, yet it is strange that he should think himself entitled to overrule both the decisions of the PRESIDENT and the legislation of Congress. When he concluded his arrangement with General JOHNSTON, he had heard of the assassination of the PRESIDENT, and he must have anticipated a renewed burst of angry feeling against the Southern army and population. The unconditional surrender of JOHNSTON immediately after the repudiation of the more lenient arrangement sufficiently proves that SHERMAN's liber-

ality was not explained by any military necessity, and that he consulted his own judgment and wishes rather than the demands or the force of his opponent. If General JOHNSTON had been allowed to dictate the terms of peace, he would scarcely have ventured to ask for the conditions which were voluntarily accorded by the victorious commander.

General SHERMAN formally recognised the Governments of the insurgent States, and he even entrusted to their keeping the arms which were to be deposited by the Confederate troops. On submission to the constitutional authority of the Federal Government and Congress, the States were to be restored to the enjoyment of all the rights which they may be supposed to have forfeited by secession. The upstart rival Governments which have been established in Western Virginia and in portions of certain other States were to submit their invalid titles to the decision of the Supreme Court, with the certainty of an unfavourable result if the judges were guided by the plain rules of law. As if for the express purpose of showing contempt for Mr. LINCOLN's famous Proclamation, General SHERMAN carefully abstained from noticing slavery; and consequently his guarantee of property and legal rights would have included the ownership of slaves, until the adoption of the proposed amendment of the Constitution which was passed in the last Session of Congress should have made the obnoxious system for the first time incompatible with Federal legislation. The amendment has not yet obtained the necessary plurality of votes in the Northern and Border States, and, when coercion was no longer possible, it seems unlikely that the South would in any manner facilitate the abolition of slavery. General SHERMAN was fully aware that, in his negotiations with the Southern Commissioners at Fortress Monroe, Mr. LINCOLN made immediate and universal emancipation an indispensable condition of peace; and it was well known that Mr. JOHNSON was not likely to be more pliable, especially as he had, without colour of legal right, emancipated the slaves in Tennessee by his own assumed authority as Governor. Although the Government thought fit to publish the reasons which prompted its disavowal of General SHERMAN, the extravagant usurpation of authority would alone have justified the unanimous decision of the PRESIDENT and his Ministers. Even if the terms of peace had been adopted, they could only be properly conceded by the Supreme Government.

According to present appearances, the defeated Confederates will find that Mr. JOHNSON has chosen an entirely opposite policy. Extreme severity against all who are rich or respectable enough to be regarded as responsible accomplices in rebellion is to be nominally tempered by the unavoidable extension of mercy to the majority of the conquered population. As it is impossible to try and to convict two or three millions of Southern citizens, it matters little whether the inevitable impunity of the multitude is derived from an amnesty or from the impossibility of wholesale persecution. The Russians themselves abstained from sending the peasant population of Poland to Siberia, and President JOHNSON, like General MOURAVIEFF, probably wishes to find friends and allies among the poorer classes. Their superiors are indiscriminately threatened with confiscation, and the chief leaders of secession are doomed to expiate the numerical weakness of their armies by death on the scaffold. It has not yet been ascertained whether the North, which lately applauded Mr. LINCOLN's clemency, is converted to the fierce and revengeful policy of his successor; but the Republican press of New York incessantly urges on the Government schemes of revenge, of slaughter, and of plunder. In England, only a few inveterate philanthropists will desire to see the triumph of their party in America stained by unnecessary cruelty and bloodshed. Common sense, if not universal practice, teaches that an insurrection of a great community so far justifies itself as to cover individual responsibility, by elevating rebels

into belligerents. Four years of regular war, maintained on a gigantic scale, ought to exempt the leaders of the defeated party from all question of judicial prosecution. Every argument which can be alleged for the trial and execution of JEFFERSON DAVIS would have equally justified GEORGE III. in hanging WASHINGTON, if the fortune of war had compelled the great American general to surrender. It is idle to discuss the moral and political merits of the two rebellions, for it was impossible that secession could be more illegal than the armed resistance of the united Colonies to the Crown. Mr. LINCOLN went too far when he echoed the national commonplace by declaring that every community and portion of a community had a right to revolt at its pleasure. He lived to make a practical retraction of an erroneous theory; but the execution of the chief of a great and warlike Confederation would be a strange oscillation to the opposite extreme.

The one-sided dogmatists who have lately been crowing over the triumph of the Federal arms have no hesitation in asserting that the secession was utterly wrongful, and in vindicating the unqualified supremacy of the Union over the individual States. It is useless to remind them that all the best and ablest men in the South preferred their duty to their several States to their Federal allegiance. Some of the more moderate may, perhaps, be startled into the decency of temporary doubt by the discovery that General SHERMAN is neither an Abolitionist nor an opponent of the Democratic doctrine which was a few years ago universally accepted. The general who is second in rank only to the Commander-in-chief, and in reputation not even to GRANT, has risked his popularity, and incurred the disapprobation of the Government, for the sake of securing to his adversaries the rights of defeated belligerents, and of protecting them against revenge in the guise of justice. As long as the war lasted, General SHERMAN was by no means scrupulous to mitigate severities which might tend to produce submission. With the dispersion of the Confederate armies his enmity ceases, and he is even extreme in his solicitude to remove causes of future disagreement. His insubordination has been properly checked; but his liberal tendencies are more creditable than the menaces of the PRESIDENT, or the attempts of Mr. STANTON to connect the Southern leaders with the assassination of Mr. LINCOLN.

THE REFORM DEBATE.

THE course of the debate upon Monday was very similar to that which it took upon the previous Wednesday. As before, the strength of argument was entirely with the recalcitrant Liberals, whose weight was, however, more manifest in the discussion than in the subsequent division. Mr. GREGORY worked the American illustration with the effect which has before been produced by it in his hands. Mr. HORSMAN delivered one of those hearty, unsparring, murderous philippics which tell so powerfully at the end of a debate, when the excitement of the imminent division makes the House impatient of a dry disputation. The Conservatives, as before, took no part. With the exception of a concluding essay from Mr. DISRAELI, more autobiographic than argumentative, no Conservative of eminence interfered in the discussion. The Radicals appear to have been discomfited by the sudden and almost unexpected secession which deprived them of half the value of the Whig alliance. Mr. BRIGHT was "indisposed." He has a pious horror of Mr. HORSMAN's style of handling his weapon, and never gets in his way if he can help it. Mr. BERNAL OSBORNE's failure of last week was hardly redeemed upon Monday night. Mr. FORSTER was spirited, but he scarcely employed any other argument than menace. The threat that, if we do not make the workmen our masters, they will all go to America, may be worth considering when the population of these islands shows any signs of decreasing. Mr. STANSFELD was unusually ineffective. He was disconcerted by a turbulent audience, and wandered away, as he is apt to do on such occasions, into a series of those magniloquent generalities to which Mr. OSBORNE gave the name of "bow-wow platitudes."

But the historic event of the evening was the speech of Sir GEORGE GREY. It had been looked for with no little interest; in fact, the adjournment had been pressed on Wednesday chiefly that he might have an opportunity of making it. After the intricate evolutions which Mr. GLADSTONE had performed last summer, there was some curiosity to know what line the Government were prepared to take. On Wednesday it was clear enough that they would have much preferred to take no line at all. At the time when the House expected the HOME SECRETARY to declare the views of the Government, nothing was seen to rise from the Treasury Bench

except a Scotch lawyer. The fury with which this indignity was resented by the House prevented its repetition. No more Crown lawyers made their appearance during the debate, and the ATTORNEY-GENERAL was so disturbed by the reception which his intrusive colleague had met with, that he could not be prevailed upon even to take part in the division. The Ministers had some days to reflect upon the inevitable confession of faith which lay before them, and, after two protracted meetings of the Cabinet, deputed to Sir GEORGE GREY the task of presenting to the House the curious compound which was to be called the united opinion of the Ministry. No other selection could well have been made. Lord PALMERSTON could not have spoken without danger to himself, and Mr. GLADSTONE could not have spoken without danger to everybody else; and beyond these there would have been no alternative but Sir CHARLES WOOD. Sir GEORGE GREY is usually a ready and judicious speaker, but the difficulty of the position appears to have frightened him out of his usual tact. He had to represent at once the opinions of Lord PALMERSTON, who wishes for no Reform at all; those of Mr. GLADSTONE, who goes in for the Rights of Man; and his own personal desire to give the most that can be given with safety to Whig seats, so long as the restriction does not endanger the permanence of the Whig Government. It was no easy task to find any form of words that would accurately render these three conflicting sentiments at the same time. And these perplexities were not likely to make his speech a graceful performance in the presence of a critical and not very friendly audience. The part of CERBERUS, representing "three gentlemen rolled into one," may have been dignified in the original case, in which it may be presumed that the three combined gentlemen were tolerably harmonious in their views. But there was no hope of blending into one dignified character an ambitious Radical, a stubborn Conservative, and a distracted trimmer.

A man who was not so sensitively alive to the absurdity of the part he was playing would probably have performed it less absurdly. A Minister could hardly have won any credit in the execution of such a function, but it was not necessary to incur ridicule. The spectacle of both sides of the House of Commons accompanying with mocking laughter what was meant to be a solemn enunciation of the policy of the Government, by the then leader of the House, was new and not very edifying. It was not merely the substance of the policy itself that called forth the bursts of derision which followed the delivery of each sentence of the latter part of the HOME SECRETARY'S speech. Every one knew that a policy which combined professions enough to give some countenance to Mr. GLADSTONE, with an absence of definite pledges sufficient to satisfy Lord PALMERSTON, must of necessity be rather shabby. But the ridiculous feature of the speech was the infantine simplicity with which the HOME SECRETARY exposed the calculations of the Cabinet to public view. Everybody knew that it would be very disagreeable for the candidates of the Government to go to the hustings in the counties with the pledge of a Reform Bill round their necks. The better portion of the constituencies have been thoroughly frightened by the candour of Mr. BRIGHT, and the events which have happened in America; and it is among the rural constituencies, where the electors are of a higher class than in the towns, that Lord PALMERSTON'S own personal popularity is the most powerful. Even his popularity, however, would be severely strained if the support of him involved submission to an immediate Reform Bill. These considerations no doubt occurred to the minds of the Cabinet, and influenced them in arriving at the decision that no pledge, however vague, to bring in a Reform Bill was to be given on behalf of the Government. But it was not necessary to explain to the House, so distinctly as Sir GEORGE GREY did, that this decision had been taken with a special view to the elections. Nor was it incumbent on him to entreat the House not to take his professions "for more than they were worth." He might have left his audience to take that measure of precaution for themselves, which, warned by past events, they would probably not have been slow to do. Nor need he have pointed out so lucidly that the Government, though believing in Reform, would not sacrifice a particle of political support to advance it. Many a Minister has acted before now as a political football, and this exalted estimate of a statesman's duties has been growing of recent years. But no Minister has ever before avowed so nakedly that he would roll wherever he was kicked, and that, if he was not kicked, he would remain still. It is an avowal of a dangerous kind, for it tends to bring our costly system of government into contempt. The football system has merits of a certain sort. It gives a great deal of vitality to the

political world. It calls into existence a numerous race of agitators, and furnishes a constant succession of stimulating topics to fill the columns of the newspapers. But still foot-balls ought to be very cheap. It is an intolerable extravagance to pay five thousand a year for each of them.

The other most interesting feature of the debate of Monday night was of a negative kind. The name of Mr. GLADSTONE was conspicuous by its absence from the list of debaters. His silence has occasioned a great deal of irritation to his Radical allies. They were in a very defenceless condition, and he deserted them in their utmost need. It was heartless in him to look on while they were being mauled and mangled by Mr. HORSMAN and Mr. LOWE, and not to move a finger for their deliverance. Mr. GLADSTONE probably felt that for an advocate of the Rights of Man to come forward on behalf of so miserable a compromise as the six-pound franchise was more than could be expected of any man two years running. Rushing downhill is exciting, even if it lands you in a quagmire at the bottom; but going down slowly, step by step, with the deliberate intention of throwing yourself into the quagmire, is too cold-blooded a proceeding to excite enthusiasm. In one point of view, however, Mr. GLADSTONE's silence was satisfactory. It has definitively decided the controversy as to the meaning of his celebrated speech in the spring of last year. The meaning of the speech at first sight was plain enough. It pointed to the widest manhood suffrage. No one ever doubted about its interpretation till he published it with a preface more mysterious than any Delphic oracle, which threw a certain haze of uncertainty around his profession of Radicalism. The doubt, however, if it were ever based upon any just foundation, is cleared up now. Mr. LOWE made Mr. GLADSTONE's language the foundation of his speech, and placed upon it the ordinary interpretation that it pointed to universal suffrage. It is generally understood that if a man allows a statement of fact concerning himself to be made in his presence, and does not contradict it when he has the power to do so, he admits it to be true. Such an admission from a statesman so gifted ought to be a consolation to the Democratic party for the temporary loss they sustained in his silence on Monday. He could not have spoken without imminent risk of breaking up the Ministry at once by another emphatic declaration in favour of the views of Mr. FORSTER and Mr. LEATHAM.

THE INDIAN BUDGET.

SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN'S explanation of his Budget has not diminished the surprise with which the telegraphic outline of its provisions was received, though it has in great measure removed the anxiety that was beginning to be felt lest India should be falling off from the prosperity which had followed her recovery from the effects of the Mutiny. There is nothing at all discouraging in the account which Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN gives of the financial position of the country. On the contrary, his statement commences with the unqualified declaration, "India is prospering beyond all former precedent." The ryot is escaping from the grasp of the money-lender. The labourer is earning unheard-of wages. The merchant is accumulating enormous wealth. The people are imbibing the commercial instinct which teaches them to invest the money which they were accustomed to hoard. Partly from the accident of the American war, but still more from the growth of trading energy both on the part of natives and wealthy colonists, India has been rapidly growing rich during the last few years.

In England, general prosperity always shows itself in the shape of a handsome surplus. In India, this is by no means the rule. Taxation is not so adjusted as to grow steadily with the wealth, and fall with the poverty, of the people. Local depression, caused by inclement seasons, leaves its mark upon the Land-tax, and in the midst of general prosperity there has been this year some partial loss of land-revenue, from drought in one district and inundations in another; but these fluctuations are comparatively trifling, and scarcely affect the great improvement which is manifest in the position of all classes. But this prosperity is not reflected, as it would be under a sound system of taxation, in the revenue returns. The tax which answers to our Excise responds in the same way to the general progress, but it is of no great amount, and almost all the principal items of revenue are nearly independent of the state of the country. The largest item of all—the opium revenue—is simply the profit on a rather badly managed commercial monopoly. A few years ago, the business suffered from too strict a limitation of supply. This year it is suffering again from over-production. The loss or gain of two or

three millions in this Government speculation may be a test of the commercial judgment of those who administer it, but it is no test whatever of the condition of the people. The market has been glutted, and the price of opium reduced to one half of what it had been, and the revenue has suffered a considerable loss. The void has to be filled, which is, of course, inconvenient; but beyond that there is nothing ominous in the matter. The Salt duty differs little from a poll-tax, but the tendency to greater consumption in times of prosperity has shown itself even in this article by a satisfactory increase of the revenue, though not of an amount to countervail the consequences of bad calculation in the opium market. The Income-tax might have been expected to reflect in some degree the prevailing prosperity, and no doubt would have done so if its provisions had not remained in abeyance. After having experienced the difficulties of the first assessment, which was grossly inadequate, the Government has never ventured to require another, although the enormous increase of commercial profits is matter of universal notoriety. The tax is paid according to the standard established in its first year, and neither in this nor in any other shape do the wealthy merchants of the great towns contribute any additional taxation for their augmented wealth, except perhaps in the form of some trifling increase in their Stamp duties. One branch of trade, it is true, does fall within the reach of the tax-gatherer, but, from various causes, a depression in the import trade, which will probably not be permanent, has reduced the produce of the Customs even below the amount of the previous year. Under these circumstances, it need excite neither alarm nor surprise to be told that the total revenue for the past year has scarcely exceeded the estimate, though it shows an improvement on that of 1863-4.

While a season of general prosperity has contributed little to the growth of the revenue, it has added heavily to the cost of administration. A rise in the rate of wages was of all things that which India most required, but it has involved larger payments for every item of food or work which goes to swell the military expenditure. The force maintained (including both Europeans and natives) has been reduced by seven regiments of infantry, ten batteries of artillery, and five troops of cavalry; yet, in spite of these retrenchments, the army is now estimated to cost 1,000,000*l.* more than was thought sufficient at the beginning of the year. The difficulty from this cause is likely to go on increasing, and no one can desire that it should diminish. The richer a country becomes, the more costly its army must be; but, under a properly regulated financial system, the same prosperity which increases expenditure ought to swell revenue in at least an equal degree, and this is not the case under the Indian system.

Such is substantially the account which the MINISTER OF FINANCE gives of the country under his charge; and one would naturally have looked for some provisions in his Budget framed for the purpose of throwing a fair share of the burden of taxation upon those who at present enjoy the largest measure of the prevailing prosperity, while they almost entirely escape from any corresponding payment to the Exchequer. One tax, and one only, of any importance can be said to press at all upon the rich, and that is the Income-tax. Its machinery, as originally framed, was so unsuited to the country that the attempt to work it fairly was abandoned almost from the outset; but though direct taxation on the English model is wholly inapplicable to India, it is not the less desirable so to adjust the public burdens as to draw a larger proportion of the revenue from the very classes who would be relieved by the removal of the Income-tax. That an impost which cannot be levied with even that approach to fairness which we make in England should be replaced by some other tax more readily assessed, but still bearing upon those who have reaped the largest share of the general prosperity, might be reasonable enough. Among the many direct imposts, such as classified license taxes and house taxes, which are in effect taxes upon income in a less invidious form, some might probably have been found which would serve as a substitute for the Income-tax; but Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN has taken exactly the opposite course. Although those who pay most Income-tax are even now the under-taxed class of India, the scheme of the Budget is to relieve them from the little they do pay, and to fill up the void partly by a loan, and partly by an export duty specially calculated to check the satisfactory progress which the production of the chief staples of the country has recently made.

The cultivation of tea is almost a new industry in India, and an export duty would simply benefit the Chinese, at the expense of the planters, who are just beginning to obtain some reward for their enterprise and exertion. The other commodities which it was proposed to tax are not all, like

tea, comparative novelties among the productions of India; but in each case the tax would have fallen upon a small class who, of all others, were least deserving of discouragement. It is only in the case of an absolute monopoly that an export duty can be justified at all; and the tea, coffee, sugar, and jute which Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN proposed to tax have all of them to compete with the rival productions of other countries. The scheme, if carried out, would have damaged the trade of India far more than it would have improved the revenue; and Sir CHARLES WOOD has perhaps never given such universal satisfaction as when he announced that the proposed export duties were disapproved alike by himself and by his Council.

It seems that the loan is also to be disallowed, and the result will be to leave a deficit of more than 1,000,000*l.* to be filled up either by the continuance of the Income-tax or by some new impost. The plea urged for allowing the Income-tax to expire is the story with which we are so familiar at home, of a compact between the Government and the people; but it must be owned that there is more force in such considerations when we are dealing with the relations between an absolute Government and a subject and alien people than when the British nation is supposed to be bound by a pledge which it has given to itself. Still, even if policy or good faith should forbid the prolongation of the term of the Income-tax, there is no reason why the tax selected to replace it should be such as to shift the burden on to the pioneers of Indian progress. We do not believe that there would be any real difficulty in devising a tax free from the vexation of the Income-tax, which should really fall upon the wealth of the country; and if both the loan and the export duties are condemned, it is to some such expedient that it will be necessary to come at last. The miserable device of adding still further to the charges upon salt, so as to throw an additional weight of taxation on the poorest of the people, will, it may be hoped, be rejected in spite of the tempting facility of such a measure. If the boasted prosperity of India is not a delusion, the country should be well able to bear its current expenditure, including the usual appropriations for public works, without having recourse to a loan; although it is probable that a really judicious investment on a large scale, in reproductive works, would be the wisest as well as the boldest financial policy for a country situated as India is. Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's loan means nothing of this kind. The utmost which it is proposed to do in the shape of reproductive expenditure is little more than to keep the existing works in repair, and the success which is beginning to attend the investment of some 50,000,000*l.* of what was really borrowed money, in railroad construction, seems to have no tendency to encourage the Indian Government to undertake on a fitting scale the far more lucrative enterprise of improving the productiveness of the vast estate of which they are the unthrifty landlords. But Sir CHARLES TREVELYAN's petty loan is not to be traced to any policy as large as this. It is simply suggested as a substitute for the Income-tax, and from that point of view it is wholly indefensible at a time of unaccustomed prosperity. This, at least, is certain, that the deficiency caused by the rejection of the loan project must be made good by taxation of some kind; for no Minister can venture, under present circumstances, to relieve the most lightly taxed classes in India at the cost of narrowing still further the niggardly allotment which is now annually made for public works, and especially for the construction of the canals which are the prime want of India. It will devolve on Mr. MASSEY to rearrange the Budget for the approaching year, and we hope that his first essay as a financial Minister will be more successful than his predecessor's last.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

THE announcement that Dr. MANNING is to be the new Archbishop of Westminster has taken the world rather by surprise, and perhaps no body of persons has been more astonished than the Roman Catholics over whom he is to rule. It is probable that that astonishment is not wholly unmixed with disappointment. It was known that the wishes of the diocese were fixed upon other candidates whose names were more closely associated with the past history of their faith in England. But the prayers of the flock were overruled by an authority from whose decree there is no appeal, and whose interests in many respects are not wholly identical with theirs, and the archiepiscopal crosier is committed to one who but fourteen years ago repeated the creed of the Roman Church for the first time. The English Romanists are suffering under a vexation which is not quite strange to the experience of English Churchmen. It has happened with us often enough

that the wishes of a diocese have been passed over to suit the purposes of the Prime Minister, and the active clergyman or learned divine has been set aside for some representative of the dominant ecclesiastical party of the day. Dr. MANNING has no merits of connexion, and but few past services upon which to advance a claim for such a promotion. He has written no learned work in defence of his faith; he has won little fame as a preacher, except by his sermons to high-born ladies; and his entry into the service of which he now takes the lead was made at the eleventh hour. His merit is that he is the mouthpiece in England of the extreme opinions that find favour at this moment at the Court of Rome. Many of the abler men who were projected into the Roman communion by the impulse of the Oxford movement have been, it is well known, dissatisfied with much of the actual working of the system they had learned abstractedly to reverence. Dr. MANNING has been eminent for his total freedom from such stiff-necked independence. He has never sought to apologize for any one extravagance of Ultramontanism. He has never been compelled to seek refuge in the distinction between Italian and English nationality in order to account for the practices which have revolted the morality and the intelligence of Protestant countries. He has shown no carnal inclination to favour the local rights of national churches, nor has he shrunk even by a hair's-breadth from the extremest assertion of Papal prerogative. These qualities did not commend him much to the Romanists of the arch-diocese of Westminster; and therefore his name was seldom mentioned in those predictions which are always freely hazarded before an appointment is decided on, but which express little else than the wishes of those who make them. His selection is a proof of the confidence with which the authorities at Rome count upon the pliant obedience of even their most distant flocks, and an illustration of the scanty power which the mere claims of traditional custom, apart from positive regulation, have to control a despotism so absolute as that of the Holy See.

To Protestants Dr. MANNING's appointment cannot be otherwise than welcome. He may not have much of the national character with which he was born left about him now. But Protestants may at least assume that, however he may choose to conduct himself towards them, at any rate he will understand them. He has passed through every phase of religion that exists in the Anglican Church, and therefore he knows by experience something of the temper and prejudices of mind that attach to each. He will commit no great blunders through ignorance or misconception. We shall have no such storm as that which followed the address from the Flaminian Gate in the year 1850. And as our chief desire and interest is to live at peace with the Roman Catholics, leaving our rival claims over the allegiance of souls to the calm arbitrament of time, we can desire no better qualification for a Roman Catholic ruler than the caution and prudence which are likely to distinguish the archbishopric of Dr. MANNING. It is true that we must prepare for the dangers as well as the tranquillity which that prudence will bring to us. We may look forward to a respite from formal assaults, but we shall have a good deal of mining in their stead. The subterranean machinery of proselytism will be more active than ever. Masked batteries, of new forms and in greater abundance, will open upon pious or weak-minded peeresses, unappreciated young ladies, and schoolboys with large expectations; and a large harvest of converted "genteels" will doubtless reward the new apostolate. These are dangers which were rated more highly ten or twenty years ago than they are now. The curious vagaries into which religious thought, or rather thought upon religious subjects, has been betrayed in the last few years, have made men callous to aberrations over an interval comparatively so small as that which separates various divisions of Christianity from each other.

But the appointment has a larger significance than that which belongs to the character of the individual Archbishop. The selection of the supple votary of the central power, and the disregard of local favourites, is no accidental or isolated caprice. It is part of a steady system which the Church of Rome is pursuing in other places besides England. Different as her circumstances are from what they were eight centuries back, her policy is essentially that which it was in the time of HILDEBRAND. It is the same war against the secular influences which threaten to undermine the loyalty of her troops. In the days of GREGORY VII., feudalism was her great enemy. The danger that ecclesiastical offices would become hereditary, like every other kind of office, and would thus be withdrawn from ecclesiastical allegiance, was the one pressing danger of the Church. It was met with almost desperate temerity by the prohibition of clerical marriage. The

venture against human passions so powerful seemed hopeless enough, but, like many hopeless enterprises, it chanced to succeed. The danger of the present day is analogous, though far more threatening. The feeling of nationality is the strong feeling of our age. It seems to be growing in force, while attachment to Churches of all kinds is weakening, so that devotion to a national cause fills the place of religion in many minds. It is creeping over the minds of the Latin clergy, as the protests that have appeared against the late Encyclical plainly show. It has become to the priest what marriage was in the middle ages, which was to him a tie to secular interests, a subjugation to emotions which might at any moment set him against the paramount authority of Rome. It has become necessary that this leaning to nationality should be extirpated with as much vigour as was shown in HILDEBRAND's time against a danger of an analogous kind. The weapons that were at the Pope's hand in the depth of the middle ages are not now within his reach. He must work with slower instruments, and be content with less complete success. But the effort to resist the strong national feelings of the age is as evident, in the appointments made in England, as in the efforts to root out the ancient local services in more than one of the French dioceses. It is not probable that this last enterprise of Rome will be as successful as the older attempt. The two are contrasted by all the difference that separates a great moral power upon its rise from one that has already shown unmistakable symptoms of decay. The Church of those earlier days was in advance of the world. She was the repository of all the science and learning that existed, the missionary of civilization, the guardian of social order. In all the qualities that any community should desire to attain, she was far in the van of the rude and turbulent civil societies around her. Now, matters are entirely changed. The Church has to contend, not with the vices, but with some of the virtues of the world. Her own condition presents, not a model of what secular communities would desire to become, but a beacon to warn them of the dangers which they are to avoid. The faith of mankind is no longer unshaken; the rule of the Church over the laity has become a rule over women and children; even the priesthood itself seems to waver at times in its fidelity. Under these circumstances, the hopes which wait upon this new enterprise against the ties which bind priests to the world are no longer so encouraging as in old days. But there is something almost marvellous in the desperate courage which takes no account of the lapse of time, or the force of circumstances, and is as defiant upon the verge of ruin as in the height of unquestioned power. At this moment, one would have thought that the first object of the See of Rome would have been to preserve the attachment of its votaries, and that it would never have been worth while to slight the Catholic body in a powerful country, for the sake of accomplishing a far-reaching plan. The work of organization or unification might have been postponed, it should have seemed, at a moment when bare existence was at stake. In this, however, as in other matters, Rome, in spite of any odds, refuses to believe in the possibility of defeat. There is no doubt that desperate rashness has saved her more than once; it remains to be seen whether, in the present state of her fortunes, such a deliverance is possible once again.

GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

ONCE or twice a week a statement appears in the telegraphic news, or in the Berlin correspondence, of the morning papers, to the effect that Austria has proposed a modification in some Prussian proposal, or that Prussia, under certain reservations, has acceded to an Austrian suggestion. The subject-matter of negotiation is no other than that Northern region which a year or two ago enjoyed the undivided sympathy of the German nation. It would be interesting to ascertain whether a single enthusiastic student now intones the patriotic chorus of "Schleswig-Holstein, sea-embraced." The Duchies themselves are by no means assured of the continuance of their separate existence. Under the Danish Government, they had the privilege of making incessant appeals to external and powerful protectors. They have now the solitary satisfaction of knowing that not a single parish in Southern Schleswig will be troubled with a Danish sermon, or compelled to repeat the catechism in that unpalatable dialect. Their other liberties are reduced to such a remnant of their former franchises as it may suit their Austrian patrons to vindicate against Prussian encroachments. Their own wishes are not consulted, either in the selection of a form of government or in the disposal of portions of their territory. The Prussian Crown lawyers experience interminable and increasing difficulties in deciding on the pedigrees, the settle-

ments, and the conventions which seemed thoroughly clear to every German mind when the issue was raised between a cadet of GLÜCKSBURG and the main line of AUGUSTENBURG. At the beginning of the controversy, although it was supposed that the Prussian Minister had already determined on a definite solution, the KING was with some reason believed to be firmly convinced of the legitimate claim of the Prince of AUGUSTENBURG. The most tender conscience, however, must submit to be enlightened by profound jurists on a complicated question of law; and it is not surprising that the KING should have been reduced to a condition of hopeless bewilderment, in which he accepts with gratitude the definite recommendations of his resolute adviser. When all political obstacles are removed, it is easy to foresee that the lawyers will be ready with an answer which will suit the purpose of their Royal client. In the meantime, Prussian and Austrian troops hold possession of the province in trust for any owner who may hereafter be designated by diplomacy or law.

No investigation is thought necessary before the occupation of Kiel as a Prussian port. The recent discussions with Austria have related to the definite, and not unimportant, acquisition by Prussia of a portion of the territory of the Duchies. According to the latest account, a part of the Prussian navy is immediately to be transferred to Kiel, and the susceptibility of Austria is to be consulted by a certain reduction of the Prussian garrison of the province. The measure is in itself judicious, and, whatever may be thought of the legal merits of the transaction, the Government of Berlin is, in this instance, directly promoting a favourite German aspiration. It was in the hope of becoming a maritime Power that poetical and musical Germany dilated on the embrace of the Cimbric peninsula by the ocean, and there was some reason for the national irritation which was caused by the supremacy of a foreign flag in a roadstead which was at least partially German. The University of Kiel has taken a principal part in the agitation which ultimately caused the severance of the provinces from Denmark. When England inclined, according to custom, to the side of the weaker party in the quarrel, all German patriots implicitly believed that the perfidious islanders were influenced by an abject fear of the possible navy which was to issue from the harbour of Kiel, through a future canal across the isthmus, into the North Sea. There is no reason why a great country should not wish to possess a navy, and it is evident that, under present circumstances, a North German fleet can only belong to Prussia. As CYRUS took from his companion the coat which fitted him, Prussia occupies a port which would be useless in the hands of a petty potentate. The usurpation will be regarded with not unreasonable complacency, although it is highly probable that the possession of Kiel may hereafter be urged as an additional argument for the annexation of Schleswig and Holstein. It is not necessary that the intended fleet should be immediately built or manned, and it seems not improbable that the Government may find its ambitious maritime projects for the present impracticable.

Although the Prussian Ministers frequently assure the House of Deputies of their contempt for its opinion, they have not yet ventured to adopt any more manageable instrument for the production either of taxes or loans. The ordinary Budget has apparently escaped from Parliamentary control, but the Court has no means of raising additional revenue, and capitalists have little faith in the security afforded by Royal prerogative. The construction of a respectable fleet would involve the necessity of a loan, and the Deputies have thus far refused to be either cajoled or menaced into compliance with the demands of the Ministry. All Prussians wish for a navy, and, if the Government were disposed to resist the popular wish, it is possible that funds might be offered for the purpose; but a request or demand preferred by Herr VON BISMARCK is in itself a plausible reason for refusing compliance, except as a mode of negotiation. The House would have voted the supplies for the fleet if the Minister would have consented to place the Budget under due Parliamentary supervision. Being perfectly certain that their aid will not be invited, except when their co-operation is indispensable, the Deputies are safe in assuming a strictly negative attitude. Every application for a boon suggests the opportunity of a bargain; and, sooner or later, a Minister will probably be compelled to make the required concession. The construction of the new fleet is, therefore, likely to be delayed, but the provisional occupation of Kiel is probably approved by all parties in Prussia.

Although Prussian diplomacy scarcely excites moral admiration, the probable annexation of the Duchies is perhaps the

best way of terminating the long and confused negotiations. Prussia is, on the whole, not an ill-governed country, although an Englishman would find the political atmosphere intolerably close. The administration is regular, the finances have hitherto been frugally managed, and policemen and passports are not more troublesome than in other German States. By joining a powerful monarchy, the people of the Duchies will acquire an interest in a not inconsiderable history. Above all, they will know that their Government has a voice in European affairs, while, as subjects of a Dukedom, they would be reduced, like a large portion of the German people, to a perpetually passive condition. If the maritime population serves in the Prussian fleet, Holstein will be regarded as one of the most valuable portions of the kingdom; and perhaps hereafter a really constitutional Government may be established in Prussia. If the people of the provinces were themselves invited to express an opinion, they would probably prefer a sleepy and inglorious felicity under a sovereign of their own. The conscription is not popular, and it will be especially dreaded by sailors, who have always a profitable occupation on the sea. As, however, neither Austria nor Prussia intends to refer the decision of the controversy to the Duchies, it is useless to speculate on their inoperative wishes. The contest between the two great Powers will almost inevitably terminate in the triumph of the disputant who is on the spot, and who is thoroughly in earnest. The minor German Governments are deeply offended, and they would willingly revenge themselves by inflicting a check on Prussian ambition; but Austria has nothing at present to gain by heading a German party, and hopes are still entertained of an eventual Prussian guarantee of Venetia, or perhaps of Hungary. Foreigners take but a languid interest in a discussion which exclusively concerns German affairs. It is doubtful whether Schleswig or Holstein will at any future time engage the attention of the world.

THE WESTMINSTER ELECTION.

EDUCATED men, whatever their politics, are nearly unanimous in wishing that Mr. MILL may be elected for Westminster. We say "nearly" instead of "quite" unanimous, because there are some obvious exceptions. Besides those who are bound down by personal or local ties, there is of course the high and dry school of politicians—Tories who would not vote for a Liberal though he came disguised as an angel of light, and Whigs whom no consideration of patriotism or principle could detach from the orthodox connexion. The old women, in fact, of both parties are naturally scandalized by a candidate who conforms so little to the ancient precedents. But all who can take a view of politics somewhat more elevated than that of an election agent would be glad to hear of Mr. MILL's success. A very bigoted Conservative might lament, indeed, over the return of a metropolitan constituency to the paths of virtue. He might prefer that they should continue to wallow in the mire, just to show how very dirty are the natural tastes of a democracy. He might fear that, if once his adversaries began to purge and live cleanly like gentlemen, they would become more dangerous. The pleasure of finding an additional argument against the extension of the suffrage might quench his disgust at the fact upon which the argument was founded. A missionary is not without consolation when he finds a savage eating human flesh; it gives additional weight to his sermons, however much it shocks his sympathies. No one probably would avow such a sentiment, but many may be capable of voting against Mr. MILL and then condemning the ignorant rabble who rejected him. More generous minds, however, and indeed the vast majority of men of education, would rejoice to see so great an improvement in their neighbours, even if it told against some of their pet prejudices. That Mr. MILL's election would be highly creditable to the constituency follows as much from the nature of the contest as from his known eminence as a philosophical thinker.

Metropolitan constituencies have got a bad name precisely for the practices against which Mr. MILL's canvass is a protest. It is difficult for most men who combine cultivation and self-respect to go through the process of canvassing at all, especially if to those qualities they do not add the faculty of spending money. A merciful Providence, as Mr. BIGLOW points out, fashioned us hollow, on purpose that we might our principles swallow. At the same time, nature has left in most men's throats a certain number of obstructions which render the process difficult and disagreeable, especially if it has to be performed in public. Few men can get upon a platform in face of a crowd and gulp down any number of pledges, like a

conjuror swallowing a sword, without even a wry face or a contortion. There are, indeed, certain men, the constitution of whose minds enables them to do it naturally—who, like POINS, are blessed fellows to think as every man thinks, and whose highest praise would be that never a man's thought in the world keeps the roadway better than theirs. There are persons in the world made of such thoroughly commonplace stuff, and reflecting so exactly the peculiarities of the vulgar, that the Ballot, and the Permissive Bill, and Manhood Suffrage exactly fit into their creed without an effort. Even such men must often find the flattery which is necessary to make things go down pleasantly rather disgusting. To get up in public and deliberately inform an election mob that they are the wisest, noblest, and best of mankind must require a truly marvellous command of countenance. Some portion indeed of this, as of most other evils in the world, may be avoided by a judicious employment of money. If you don't treat your friends to enough flattery, you are graciously permitted to eke it out in beer. Although a metropolitan constituency is too large to bribe directly, you can contrive to make wealth exercise a pleasantly magnetic influence over a large area; it percolates, after some mysterious method, by concealed but wide-spreading channels.

Now Mr. MILL's election would, in the first place, be an effective blow against a demoralizing system. It would prove that a man can be at times elected without making his constituents a penny the richer or causing a pint of beer the more to be drunk—without retracting a principle or saying a word to flatter their self-conceit. No one could have thought without a shudder of Mr. MILL making an appearance in a public hall to be cross-examined by a costermonger. He has an admirable excuse, if an excuse were required, for not submitting to such a process; his opinions have long ago been expressed in the fullest and clearest manner, and any elector of Westminster may read them if he chooses, and if he can. It is fair to presume that, if he cannot, he can at least find some one else to be Mr. MILL's political sponsor. Mr. MILL is, therefore, able to retire with dignity from any active participation in the contest, which is not the less fortunate because active participation might not impossibly be somewhat damaging to his chances. Hence, if the electors, by voting for Mr. MILL, would prove that they could for once do without appeals to BUNCOMBE, or appeals of a lower kind still, in deference to intellectual eminence, such a result would be worth the labour of all honest politicians.

It has, indeed, been argued that Mr. MILL's acquirements do not fit him for the House of Commons, and that, if they did, his avowed incapacity for local business must lead to a speedy separation from his constituents. As regards the first of these arguments, it must be remembered that the chosen of the electors of Westminster, whoever he may be, will not leave the whole House of Commons. Knowledge of political economy and of metaphysics will not emanate from him along the crowded rows of commonplace members. Mr. WHALLEY will not become tolerant, nor Mr. BENTINCK a genuine free-trader, merely from Mr. MILL's propinquity. Being near the rose goes a very little way in the House of Commons towards being the rose itself. There is no danger whatever that a tendency to being too *doctrinaire* or too metaphysical will soon become characteristic of that assembly. Mr. MILL would be merely a unit the more in the scale of speculative as distinguished from practical politicians, and it would be difficult to prove that he was not the first unit on that side. When the House of Commons is full of theoretical philosophers, when it is impossible to bind down their soaring eloquence into the regions of common sense, or to prevent them from launching into discussions of Mr. HARE's scheme and the social position of women, it will be time enough to bring this objection against Mr. MILL. If it is true that the House should represent the various parties of which the nation is composed, we may complain that it is taken too exclusively from the prosaic side; that it has an even more than English hatred for any doctrine tainted, however faintly, with the odour of philosophical generalizations or so-called social science. A few flights above this paradise of the commonplace would do no harm. If, however, it is meant to insinuate that Mr. MILL's arguments would in all cases, or in most, be asailable as unpractical or crotchety, or by any other terms of contempt borrowed from the arsenal of complacent dulness, it is almost the reverse of the truth. To take the most obvious cases, Mr. MILL's views have, in fact, had great weight in most of the important economical questions that are likely to come before Parliament. He would be merely expressing on the spot, and in his own person, opinions which, as written or given in evidence too

committees, have had great influence upon practical statesmen. On Indian questions his authority would be backed by official experience. On such a question as the Malt-tax, it would be at least interesting, and might possibly have some influence upon some innocent member, to hear the decision of the most eminent living economist, who is raised above all suspicion of partiality. He might clear up such perplexities as the Sugar-tax, where each side claims the mysterious prestige attaching to free-trade; and he might solve the problem whether two railroads have a right to keep up their dividends by a monopoly of the coal supply of London. Without multiplying examples, it is evident that cases in which Mr. MILL's advice would be extremely valuable would be constantly occurring; he would be a kind of animated calculating machine, capable of being turned on at any political or economical problem, with the certainty of bringing out an impartial and, up to a certain point, a trustworthy result. His eccentricities are well known, and there is at least no danger of their doing harm by being carried into practical effect. A list of them might be made for the benefit of the country gentlemen, for fear of accidents. No House of Commons during our generation will be entrapped by any such enchanter into sanctioning HARE's scheme, or the rights of women. In electing Mr. MILL, then, the constituency would be doing honour to themselves, not only by showing that they can despise the ordinary inducements, but by electing a really valuable member. Metropolitan constituencies have once or twice shown, as in the case of Sir W. MOLESWORTH, that when they have elected a distinguished man, they can be proud of him and can stick to him. Let us hope that Mr. MILL may afford another instance.

There still, however, remains the difficulty which most perplexes the electors—that Mr. MILL would not attend to their local interests. We are not able to say with any precision how much attention these interests require, or how large a portion of the constituents would really become sensible of the difference, if they were left to attend to themselves. We can hardly be wrong, however, in assuming, from an observation of previous circumstances, that one really good man of business would be able to discharge the duty effectually. If the electors have done their duty to their country in electing a philosopher as one representative, no one will be able to complain if they elect their other representative to please themselves. If they decide upon squandering their votes upon gentlemen who have no recommendation whatever, or none beyond what is implied in a family name, they will of course have no votes to spare. They have chosen their first member with a view to his doing nothing, they must choose their second with a view to his helping the first. It does not seem necessary that they should be reduced to this extremity. Mr. SMITH, who is now in the field, would be an excellent complement to Mr. MILL. He has given that proof of his qualifications which is implied in being an honourable, successful, and highly-respected man of business. He belongs, that is, to a class who have peculiar claims upon metropolitan constituencies. Such constituencies are fortunate, as a rule, if they can secure a member who shows such *prima facie* evidence of a capacity of attending satisfactorily to their wants, and at the same time of securing general respect. If the electors of Westminster should join Mr. SMITH with Mr. MILL, they will be represented in the next Parliament by members in whom they may fairly take pride—a rare and surprising circumstance for metropolitan constituents.

ITALY.

THE negotiations between M. VEGEZZI and the Vatican, whether finally interrupted or only adjourned, seem to have been confined to the subject of the vacant Italian sees. The question, however, cannot be deemed purely spiritual, any more than the excommunication of the King of ITALY was a mere matter of ecclesiastical discipline. The religious thunderbolts of the Holy See are meant to produce, and do produce, political effects; and the Church of Rome has been learning latterly that some of the political consequences of any rupture with Italy will in future recoil upon her own head. This is more than the POPE bargained for. Two hundred vacant bishoprics are, in truth, the backwater of the war of excommunication. In attacking the chief of a constitutional Government, Rome has indirectly been banishing her own agents from Italian territory. These are not the days of HILDEBRAND. The Church is still a powerful, but has ceased to be a dominant, element in civilized Europe. She suffers as much damage as she inflicts from a breach with a free and independent people. The attitude of a Roman

patriot in the days of AUGUSTUS has been wittily and happily characterized by a recent French writer. Like LABIENUS, the POPE may be said to have been sitting still and watching the popular stream pass. At last he has seen with pious horror his own bishops floating sorrowfully down on the top of the remorseless current, and the grim spectacle has roused him from a posture of patient contemplation. The Pontifical letter to VICTOR EMMANUEL is an indirect acknowledgment that excommunications cut two ways. The schoolmaster who threatened his unruly boys that, unless they were quiet, he would at once leave the room, probably discovered, like the POPE, that such menaces are only useful when addressed to very exceptional natures. Melancholy as is the hypothesis, it seems just possible that Italians might get on without Roman Catholic bishops. But, on the other hand, it is perfectly certain that neither bishops nor schoolmasters can get on without their respective flocks. The sight of sheep without shepherds justly moved the pity of the sacred prophet, but the picture of shepherds without sheep would appear even more lamentable still. It was hardly to be expected, in the present temper of the Vatican or of the Italian nation, that M. VEGEZZI would even approach the subject of a complete reconciliation between Italy and Rome; but the fact of any negotiation at all is valuable as proving that an estrangement which costs the Italians something costs the Church of Rome even more. The true wonder is that the Vatican should at last have seen what the politicians of Europe have been for years remarking. The POPE's Kingdom may or may not be of this world, but at all events his usual diplomacy deserves the credit of being unworldly in the extreme. It has hitherto consisted in provoking ruptures, the chief burden of which falls upon himself, and in rejecting all compromise until the hour for compromising has altogether past. That HIS HOLINESS, in his recent overtures to the King of ITALY, has departed for a while from his ordinary rules to embark on a more salutary course must be ascribed rather to the pious anxiety of the man than to the profound experience of the politician. The happy and perhaps fleeting design is a movement, not of his head, but of his heart.

If, in spite of the evident wishes of the Holy See and of the King of ITALY to come to some mutual understanding, M. VEGEZZI's mission were to have failed, Europe could hardly feel surprised. All political transactions with the Vatican must from their very nature be difficult, and liable to sudden and unforeseen checks. Important as it was at the beginning of the century for the Papacy to accept the overtures of France, the FIRST CONSUL had less trouble even in settling the Peace of Amiens than in conducting the Concordat of 1801 to a successful conclusion. The official despatches of the French representative at Rome to the FIRST NAPOLEON repeatedly remind the French Executive that it is treating with diplomats totally unlike the rest of their species. Obstinate, and yet withal timid in the extreme—subtle and casuistical, yet unworldly in many respects beyond all calculation—the advisers of the Vatican alternately attracted the FIRST CONSUL by their simplicity, and irritated him by their littleness. He surmounted the mass of difficulties partly by cajolery, partly by cozening the excellent Pontiff of the day, but to the very last no one could be sure that the Vatican, after all its substantial concessions, would not break off everything for the sake of the splitting of some controversial hair. There is no reason to think that the character of the Court of Rome has materially altered in the last sixty years. The ground across which any diplomatist who proposes to negotiate must march is full of hidden pitfalls which none but the eyes of a Catholic casuist can see. While a Liberal Government is occupied with practical arrangements, the Vatican is taken up with the assertion of speculative first principles, the wording of abstract propositions, and a consideration of all the logical consequences of even remote details. The political results of a concession interest Rome less than the speculative deductions that may be drawn from it. Such a tendency is the natural product of a political system which takes less note of the great progress of human events than it does of metaphysical niceties, and whose one notion of diplomacy consists in trying to work on the weaknesses of individual minds. This is a fair description of the politicians with whom M. VEGEZZI and his employers have to deal, and if his efforts have been unavailing no one has a right to be astonished. If, on the other hand, he has been successful, every inch of ground gained becomes all the more important. He has been treating with metaphysicians, and has a right to the moral advantage of every single logical inference that can be deduced from every compromise to which they have assented. The POPE's nomination of bishops in the States which formerly belonged

either to the BOURBONS or to the Church, however qualified by verbal reservations of principles or rights, virtually amounts to a recognition of the *status quo*. The opposition of the extreme Catholic party at Rome to the negotiation which His HOLINESS himself has wooed may be imputed to their cold calculation of all those consequences which the kindly piety of Pío Nono led him unconsciously to overlook. Yet, on the whole, the unsophisticated impulses of Pío Nono are wiser than the more worldly cunning of the would-be statesmen that surround and rule him. Sooner or later, in its controversy with Italy, the Papacy must yield; and another generation of priests and Jesuits must submit to concessions which the present generation refuses obstinately to discount. No one who observes the tendency of Italian legislation can fail to see how much Rome is on the eve of losing. Nothing can save even a substantial portion of the interests of the Church but a Concordat with the Italian Government. The parable of the Sibyl, which has been flung so often in the teeth of European Governments, may once more be called upon to do service for the benefit of the Church of Rome. In Piedmont, and in Umbria, Catholicism during the last ten years has lost what it never will regain. One more year of estrangement and rupture, and Naples and Sicily will be placed on a legislative level with the old Kingdom of Piedmont. That M. VEGEZZI should succeed is probably the serious wish of the Italian Government, but that his efforts should be only a prelude to a regular and thorough pacification ought to be the anxious prayer of every wise Catholic in Europe.

It is indeed almost doubtful whether the golden opportunity for any Concordat that can satisfy the Papacy is not gone. Absolute rulers may retrace their steps or modify their projects, but it is not so easy to undo what a constitutional Legislature in a Liberal country has once done. The temporary panic which led so many Italians to fear that the recent withdrawal of the Bill for the suppression of the religious orders was in some way connected with M. VEGEZZI's Roman trip has proved to be absolutely without foundation. In a recent circular, the LA MARMORA Cabinet explain their reasons for the step, indignantly repudiate the idea of yielding any political principle to Rome, and promise a new and digested measure to the same effect in the ensuing Session. Those who take the trouble to read the Ministerial manifesto will easily perceive that it is both explicit and complete. The Ministry withdrew their project solely and simply because they felt the necessity of maturing its details, and of ventilating them by a thorough public discussion in Parliament and in the press. Their proposition to exempt the mendicant orders from the fate destined to other religious corporations was untenable upon any except the lowest and most unworthy grounds, yet to include the mendicant orders was to entail on the State an enormous annual expenditure in the shape of pensions. Nor were they prepared to acquiesce without further consideration in the lavish proposal to distribute among the communes a portion of the confiscated property. It is true that Count CAVOUR's creation of a *Caisse Ecclesiastique* in Piedmont has not been as yet successful in its working; nor would it be safe to extend the plan to the entire realm, unless it can be shown to promise more for the future than it has accomplished in the last ten years. But it would be extravagant and inconsequent to squander, in a kind of indiscriminate charity, a vast property which, if reunited to the State domain, might lay the foundation of an endowed Church and of an annual religious budget. The truth is, that it is impossible satisfactorily to separate the question of the religious corporations from the larger question of Church property in general. To legislate upon the former, and to reserve the latter, might serve an immediate electoral purpose, but could not be justified upon any larger principles of statesmanship. All parties are agreed that the time has come to arrange definitely the relative positions of the Italian Church and State. Most are ready to pull down, but all have their different notions about rebuilding. The difficulty of preserving intact the internal liberties and traditions of a Catholic community which is to be subject to the Papacy, and yet salaried by a Liberal State, is of itself considerable. The fault or weakness of the Ministerial scheme was that it was purely financial. Without attempting to solve the wider problem, it only showed a Ministerial anxiety to seize on the property of the corporations. That it was inadequate and hasty was evident at last to the Ministers themselves. The scheme which they have pledged themselves to substitute will probably have the merit of going to the root of the whole problem of a Church Establishment. That the

interests of religion will be cared for may be taken as tolerably certain, but the political interests of the Papacy will meet with less consideration. Upon the whole, the LA MARMORA Cabinet might do worse than to adopt, as the basis for their entire plan, the scheme of RICASOLI. To hand over the nomination of the Bishops to the suffrage of the Catholic congregations would perhaps be impossible; but though this and other details of the RICASOLI scheme seem impracticable and open to criticism, the broad principles of it are at all events founded on the true theory of a free Church in a free State.

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS.

LORD ST. LEONARDS has introduced a Bill for the prevention or discouragement of strikes and lock-outs by the establishment of some kind of conciliatory tribunal. The subject is not at present ripe for legislation, and Lord ST. LEONARDS himself admits that his measure scarcely deserves to be passed into a law. Masters and workmen have already full power to submit their differences to arbitration, and experience shows that it is almost impossible to induce both parties to refer a quarrel simultaneously or to submit to an award. The functions of the authorized courts or committees which are recognised by the law of France are too limited to meet the difficulty which besets English trade. Unlimited right of combination for the purpose of increasing or reducing wages is a more powerful instrument than the advice of a council of foremen and employers. It is true that the enormous power of Trades' Unions and of Associations of Masters has alarmed, not only the disputants themselves, but the entire community. Recent experience has shown that a principal English manufacture may be suspended, and perhaps finally ruined, by the organized opposition of one party to the encroachments or pretensions of the other. The ironmasters throughout the kingdom united in resistance to the demands of the North Staffordshire puddlers, on the ground that a local strike was supported and rendered possible by the contributions of the workmen who were still employed. Although the men were, in the first instance, frightened by the unexpected vigour of the manufacturers, they have terminated the immediate contest by a drawn battle. The ironmasters in the North of England and in South Staffordshire have reopened their works on the engagement of the governing body of the Union that all further relief should be withheld from the men who were on strike; but it has been found impossible to interrupt a secret system of contribution, and the members of other trades have subscribed for the support of a cause which they are taught to regard as their own. As Mr. LOWE lately said with much truth, the capacity of agglomeration and crystallization is, in bodies of men as in material substances, proportionate to the minuteness and similarity of the particles. The discipline of the Trades' Unions and the consequent suppression of individual independence have been brought to a high degree of perfection. The superior knowledge of the masters makes them more sensible of the danger and evil of trade conflicts, and their habits of self-reliance render absolute submission to the decision of their equals and rivals unpalatable and difficult.

To a certain extent, combination may be reconciled with economic principles, as a rude method of ascertaining the laws which ultimately determine the rate of wages and the other conditions of labour. Supply and demand operate with unfailing certainty, but it is not easy to ascertain the variations to which they are constantly liable. The gross profits of trade may be roughly estimated by the aid of price lists and statistical returns, but it is difficult to calculate the numbers of available workmen who are practically competing for employment. The project of paying workmen by a share of profits in place of wages may perhaps be feasible in certain states of trade, and with an approximately stationary population; but if thousands of Coolies or Chinamen were competing for employment at a trifling rate of wages, it would soon appear that it was impossible to maintain the existing proportion between the payment of the workman and the receipts of the manufacturer. A custom had been partially established in the iron trade by which the wages of puddlers were increased or diminished by one shilling for every pound of rise or fall in the price of a ton of iron; but when the North Staffordshire masters lately attempted to apply the rule, it was not difficult for the men to discover special distinctions which rendered the recognised percentage inapplicable to the particular circumstances. It is possible that increased emigration may permanently increase wages at the expense of profits. A similar effect has been produced in the rural districts by the gradual

removal of a part of the population into the large towns. In some parts of the country wages have risen by a third, or even by a half, within twelve or fifteen years. More money is employed in farming, and there are fewer labourers to be had, nor has machinery fully supplied the deficiency of hands. If a similar diminution in the supply of labour affects manufacturing industry, wages will rise up to the point at which the business ceases to be remunerative to the employer. The sickly manufactures of Ireland have been in several instances destroyed by the characteristically ignorant demands of selfish and shortsighted workmen. It is possible that North Staffordshire may be unable, under artificial disadvantages, to resist an active domestic competition; and foreign producers in Belgium and on the Rhine are eagerly watching for an increase in the price of English manufactures, which would enable them to undersell the native maker.

Tribunals of conciliation, with greater or less powers, afford an insufficient remedy for the evil of trade combinations. A judicial decision, whether it is delivered by a regular court or by an arbitrator appointed by consent of parties, ought to consist in the application of a general rule to particular circumstances. The masters and the workmen are quarrelling, not about details, but on the general issue which is raised in the nature of things between capital and labour. When work is scarce, labour is naturally cheap; and, on the contrary, the price rises, as long as the manufacture is prosecuted, in proportion to the scarcity of competent hands. The managers of the Trades' Unions, imperfectly understanding the causes of high and low wages, use their utmost efforts to limit the supply of the commodity in which their constituents deal. All the vexatious rules which impede the economical organization of labour have been devised for the purpose of limiting the supply. Sometimes the master is forbidden to take apprentices, and, as a general rule, he is precluded from a free choice of workmen by the determination of his men to exclude from their society all but the members of the Union. A labourer is prevented from encroaching on the functions of a bricklayer, and sometimes the right or left hand is reduced to compulsory inaction in some ordinary and necessary process of the trade. The awkward tyranny of the Union has often a ludicrous aspect, but the general purpose of the leaders is accomplished by the arbitrary reduction of the available amount of labour. The masters frequently defeat their opponents by the importation of labour from remote or foreign districts, but of late they are threatened with the dangerous resource of emigration.

An arbitrator in a dispute as to wages or hours of work must be rather a legislator than a judge. Every monied man has a right to purchase the services of the poorer classes at the lowest possible rate, and, on the other hand, labourers may put any price which they have power to exact on their skill and industry. A millowner or an ironmaster calculates the outgoings of his business before he engages in the original enterprise or in any supplementary outlay. Other things being equally cheap, labour is a primary condition of cheap production, which is sometimes essential to the very existence of a trade. Although a numerical majority of the population in every civilized country is engaged in mechanical labour, the producer may in a certain sense be regarded as the enemy of the consumer, or, in other words, of the human race. Distressed needlewomen, if they were not afflicted by a chronic inability to sew, would benefit mankind by the production of low-priced shirts and trousers. If they were rich enough and clever enough to combine, like puddlers and spinners, they would destroy the profitable and useful occupation of cheap slopsellers. No arbitrator could decide, to any useful end, that a woman ought to be paid half-a-crown for making a shirt, as long as the contractor knows that he can get the work done for a shilling. Yet it is possible that within narrow limits Courts of Conciliation might serve a practical purpose. When the employer or the operative is acting under the influence of temper or of pride, he might probably welcome an excuse for receding from an untenable position. Men on strike, notwithstanding the perfect organization of the Trades' Unions, feel the inconvenience of the scanty allowance which is substituted for abundant earnings; and in some instances they might be inclined to work if they were assured, on competent authority, that their protest against their employers was founded on a mistake. It would be absurd to expect that workmen should study the markets, the prices of materials, and the cost of competitive production; but it is possible that they might sometimes respect the decision of an impartial arbitrator who informed them that, in claiming too large a share of the profits, they were risking the existence of the trade.

MAY MEETINGS.

IT may be doubted whether it is possible for more than a given number of human beings to come together, except for certain well defined and strictly business purposes, without making themselves ridiculous. Of course, an army is a majestic object in proportion to its numbers; a mob attracted by any intense excitement, to welcome a popular hero or to massacre a victim, forms an impressive spectacle. But every large concurrence of persons drawn together simply by the fact that every one of them strongly resembles every other, rapidly becomes absurd. For a time, a certain unity may be given to the mass, when they are stirred by any strong emotion—by the eloquence, for example, of a powerful orator, or some common excitement. It is possible for the imagination to picture them as a whole, and to find some delight in the contemplation. But if you take even the best of mankind, multiply him by a few hundreds, and shut the product up together in a room, it inevitably becomes tiresome. Some strong influence is required to animate the mass and give it a dramatic unity. Thus nothing can well be more venerable than a philosopher, whose mental powers are all dedicated to the improvement of his species; but when you take two thousand such persons, each of whom would singly be an object of pure admiration, put them all together in a town for a week, and call them a Social Science Association, it is difficult to help laughing at them. It is impossible for anyone, except those simple beings who take everything seriously and respectfully, to help considering them as a stupendous bore. All that is ludicrous about them seems to be multiplied in direct proportion to their numbers, and all that is worthy of respect to be lost in the crowd. It may be that the inferior elements come to the surface in obedience to some unknown law, or that the sense of disproportion between the concentrated mass of intellect and the work which it is set to do becomes too overpowering. Whatever the cause may be, no one ever passed a week in company with one of these volunteer parliaments without feeling that his powers of respect for virtue and talent were rapidly degenerating. Perhaps when he has no one as a foil to set off the greater lights, when the splendour of one star interferes constantly with the splendour of every other, his standard becomes insensibly elevated, and he discovers the spots which tarnish the surface of even the most brilliant. It is true that the collective bore, as well as the individual bore, has an amazing vitality; persistence has enabled it to outlive a great deal of well-meant satire; and, combined with the exigencies of newspapers in the dead season and certain real conveniences, has enabled various associations to force themselves pretty conspicuously upon public attention. To the actors the play may possibly be amusing, but the unlucky outsider who happens to be caught in the vortex of scientific dissipation feels himself as much mystified and out of place as an intruder upon the mysteries of the Stock Exchange. He neither understands what is going on, nor why anyone should take an interest in it.

A similar mystery envelope, to the external public, the motives of those who assemble to partake in the annual raptures of the May Meetings. The connoisseurs who really appreciate this form of holy dissipation may doubtless put an unfavourable construction upon our want of sympathy. They may hold that the breach of continuity between themselves and the outside world corresponds to a very profound distinction indeed, and one not at all in our favour. Without arguing this point, we may be permitted to inquire into the nature of the charm which invests this congress of the faithful. Very few people consider that listening to sermons comes within the category rather of pleasures than of duties. To listen to a series of sermons for some five hours, and all upon one subject, would, we should have thought, not to put too fine a point upon it, be dull. Yet it is a fact that large numbers of people deliberately attend, that ladies sit through it, fortified with various descriptions of "work," and come away decidedly edified, and professing to have enjoyed themselves. What is the special circumstance which renders it tolerable, and even agreeable, to hear some respectable clergymen talk for five hours about converted Jews? There is no doubt some satisfaction in sitting in the same room with Lord Shaftesbury, and in listening to the eloquence of a bishop and one or two well-known pulpit orators. But even the sight of Lord Shaftesbury must rather pall upon most observers after a few hours, and the eloquence of the most gifted evangelical preachers must be dearly purchased at the price of listening to many of their less impressive brethren. The probability is, that the charm resides in that delicate secular flavour which is communicated by the forms of a public meeting. Nothing is more telling than a certain gentle facetiousness affected by some divines, which enables them to touch upon sacred topics in a tone which would seem profane in rash imitators. A clergyman who can speak familiarly of an apostle, and even venture upon an occasional Biblical riddle, can always pleasantly relieve a serious monotony. The mind is titillated with a gentle suspicion of humour whilst enjoying a perfect guarantee against real impropriety. On the principle that the most piquant essence is given off just at the line of junction between the religious and the profane, the public-meeting air of the proceedings communicates an interest to what would otherwise be deadly dull. The audience snatch a fearful joy at the very bounds of decorum. They are listening, it is true, to matter identical with that of a commonplace sermon, but it is spoken from a platform instead of a pulpit; the business is commenced by reading a report, and carried on according to the established forms of a meeting; and, best of all, there is room for applause, and even for laughter at some gentle joke. If people can

amuse themselves so easily and so innocently, no one can complain. Still we cannot help entertaining a suspicion that, to the mass of mere lookers-on, these field-days of the religious public must be almost as tiring as those of more secular associations.

The stimulant, indeed, is taken in a very diluted form. The eloquence is at best of a hybrid nature, something between the sermon and the ordinary speech, deriving perhaps most of its characteristics from the sermon. The great disadvantages under which a preacher labours are that no one can contradict him, and that no one can give any overt signs of sympathy or disapproval. These are so far shared by the Exeter Hall orator that he is certain to have the argument all on his own side. It would, indeed, add very much to the interest of the proceedings to import a Devil's Advocate from the Anthropological Society. Captain Burton might be induced to attend, or at least to send a representative, to maintain his lately expressed opinion that Christian converts are the curse of Africa, and that the only chance for that continent is in the rapid spread of Mahomedanism. A black bishop could not fail to confute such monstrous doctrines decisively, and the victory would produce an excitement highly favourable to subscriptions. As matters are at present arranged, the only difference between the speaker and the preacher of ordinary life is, that in Exeter Hall you may applaud, although you may not hiss, and that the ladies can pass an indirect censure upon your eloquence by diligent sewing. The murmurous sound of innumerable needles rises and falls in inverse proportion to the excitement of the hearers. The swelling of the chorus is equivalent to the worldly hiss, and it sinks in correspondence with rapt attention. It need hardly be said that this forms the most unhealthy atmosphere possible for an orator. An orator, to speak really well, should always have before his eyes the fear of making a fool of himself. He should speak under a constant sense that some one may jump up and demolish his arguments, or that at any blunder his hearers may burst into inextinguishable laughter. Deprived of this healthy pressure, eloquence infallibly expands into huge volumes of insipid and gaseous texture. The orator ventures upon any flights, however bombastic, because, if he breaks down, he is certain to fall soft. He feels that reticence and self-restraint would be misplaced; his audience are ready to swallow as much unctuous sentimentality as he can contrive to secrete. A negro convert was once describing the state of his mind. There was a little man, he began, very ugly, very wicked, very ill-favoured; this description brought down repeated bursts of applause, the audience naturally presuming that the negro was describing himself in his unconverted state. At the next sentence it came out, to the general disgust, that the misguided convert was not speaking of himself, but of the slave-dealer who had bought him in early life. The wretched man had been calling his enemy ugly and wicked, instead of applying those terms (in a strictly missionary sense) to himself. The audience naturally felt that he had, though unwittingly, been passing off a false article upon them; he had caused them to mistake a good bit of worldly abuse for self-abasement; and during the remainder of his speech they could not forgive him the unintentional blunder. The sewing needles became emphatic. The class of sentiment demanded on these occasions is only one degree worse than the logic. We observe, from the report of the meeting of the Converted Jews' Society, that the principal performer indulged in an elaborate attack upon the Bishop of Natal, and a defence of the doctrine of verbal inspiration. The whole argument, with characteristic incapacity for logic, was rested upon half-a-dozen words in a single text. Now this may be an excellent argument for those who have already arrived at the speaker's conclusion; but it is truly amazing that any one should fancy it to be an argument against those who differ from him. If a benighted Catholic should have replied, The Pope is infallible, because the Pope once said so, his sophistry would hardly have perplexed this worthy defender of the Bible. But it is characteristic that, in arguing against an absent adversary, he should assume as an incontrovertible truth the precise point in dispute. It is the natural consequence of this constant practice against men of straw. A general can always gain a victory in a sham fight by putting his enemy where he pleases. It is bad practice in actual warfare. To the audience it probably makes no difference. They do not come to hear argument, but eloquence; and bad logic is just as moving in a speech as good. So long as the actor in a stage combat goes through his cuts and thrusts with sufficient energy, it matters very little whether his opponent might not in practice have been through his body.

That Exeter Hall is a bad school for oratory does not need much demonstration. On the whole, however, without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the particular societies, it is doubtless a useful institution. It is one part of the machinery by which some hundred thousands of pounds are annually raised from the country, and he must be a very cynical observer who would deny that such a result is, on the whole, worth accepting even with some shock to our taste. We, of course, assume that Captain Burton was wrong in preferring Mahomedanism to Christianity as a religion for niggers. The ordinary commonplace, that people ought to be minding their own back lanes before converting niggers, seems highly unreasonable. It is merely an application of the argument commonly directed against playgoers and attendants upon other worldly amusements. How can you spend hours upon listening to fiddlers, when you might be attending to your immortal soul? The answer, of course, is that mankind have certain tastes which must be cultivated; and that, if religion were interpreted to com-

mand an ascetic abandonment of all pleasures, it would simply drive us mad. It is equally unfair to ask people why, when they are doing good, they don't do it to the beggars and thieves of their own district. They may answer that they have got tastes to be cultivated as well as their neighbours. If you would allow them to save time from benevolence in order to go to the play, they may surely save it for the equally innocent amusement of converting niggers. The truth is, that there is still an irrepressible sense of the romantic amongst that class who consider the theatre an abomination and the reading of novels questionable. The imagination finds a natural satisfaction in the permitted pleasure of picturing holy men baptizing savages. If this faculty were not "exploited" it would run to waste. A sensible man will endeavour to get, on the whole, the maximum amount of charity out of the country. If the money which is raised for the missionary societies were stopped, it cannot be supposed that any considerable part would be transferred to charities which do not equally appeal to the imagination. We need not ask too curiously how much it costs to convert a Jew, and whether the money is employed to the best possible advantage. The pleasure of subscribing it, and talking about it, and imagining the good that is done with it, is at any rate a real benefit to the subscribers. A number of respectable men are maintained in comfort and in a respectable employment, with their wives and families; the worst we can say is that, if they convert nobody, no particular harm is done to any one else. But much innocent pleasure has been produced, and the only possible harm, that of being lectured by one of the orators brought up in this unhealthy school, may be avoided by any one who will take a little pains.

WILKES BOOTH.

NOW that the public opinion of Christendom has expressed itself so emphatically on the atrocious crime of Wilkes Booth, the time has arrived for reviewing the salutary change in morals of which this eager indignation is the sign. The Imperial biographer of the Cæsars has only borrowed a famous maxim of the Church when he pronounces that the roots of a successful dynasty must be planted in blood. Lord Derby, clumsily perhaps, and with a rare lapse into bad taste, in reviving the cynical aphorism of Talleyrand (or was it not Fouché's?), indicated the true reason of much of the discredit into which tyrannicide has fallen, by stigmatizing as a political blunder that which practically always becomes worse than a crime. Cromwell's despotism became more severe after his life was threatened; and his predecessor's fate may be pleaded as an excuse for the *Kee veltis* which President Johnson seems disposed to proclaim. But it is not so long ago that popular opinion, timidly perhaps, yet with no doubtful bias, reserved the abstract question of the lawfulness of tyrannicide as at least a moot point in morals. Orsini certainly was invested with the black veil not without sympathy, and he trod the scaffold with something of a martyr's dignity. And it may well be, as in other matters, that we estimate this form of murder with an illogical reference to the character of its victim, instead of viewing it with a severe and serene abhorrence of the crime itself. As the old world never unlearned the atrocious lesson of the unapproachable virtues of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, it will be long before the myrtle wreaths fade which sentiment has twined round the dagger of Charlotte Corday. Granting even every premise of the advocates of tyrannicide, they must admit that the usual palliations or arguments for it do not apply to the crime of Wilkes Booth. President Lincoln did not set himself above the law; he represented rather than suppressed public opinion; he committed no crimes against the State of which he was the master; he was a man of singular personal mildness. Ambition was the last accusation which could be laid to his charge. He was not guilty of triumvirates, proscriptions, *coups d'état*, or wholesale deportations. He never resisted those counsels and warnings of the wise which theorists in political assassination, such as Mariana, require as a preliminary appeal to the consciences of those who set themselves above the rights of men. It is, therefore, a mere fact that the apologists of tyrannicide find it impossible to include Mr. Lincoln within the category of tyrants. But still the remarkable letter, of which there is no ground to doubt the genuineness, left behind him in manuscript by Wilkes Booth, only repeats, or at least implies, all the political commonplaces which not very long since were pretty generally adopted by "advanced thinkers" of every variety of religious and political persuasion, and which even now are scarcely extinct. In his famous Essay on Liberty, just republished in a People's Edition by Mr. Stuart Mill, it is laid down formally that "the subject of tyrannicide has been at all times one of the open questions of morals; and that the act of a private citizen in striking down a criminal, who, by raising himself above the law, has placed himself beyond the reach of legal punishment or control, has been accounted by whole nations, and by some of the best and wisest of men, not a crime, but an act of exalted virtue; and that, right or wrong, it is not of the nature of assassination, but of civil war." Mr. Mill goes on to remark that, "as such, the instigation to it, in a specific case, may be a proper subject of punishment"; but he does not deny that cases may arise in which the act itself may be right. This is the latest expression of an opinion which was once that of educated and civilized Europe, and which—or he is much belied—Mazzini has formulated and has

not been ashamed to try to practise, at least by the safe instrumentality of others. Even now, Mr. Mill claims "the fullest liberty of professing and discussing, as a matter of ethical conviction, any doctrine, however immoral it may be considered"; and he inveighs severely against the prosecution of Dr. Bernard in 1858 for advocating "what was deemed an immoral doctrine, the lawfulness of tyrannicide."

It is by no means a complete account of the matter to describe the doctrine of tyrannicide as a relic of heathen darkness. It may be much more justly regarded as a conviction generally prevalent in the rude and barbarous stage of human thought. And when physical force was the only real power in existence, it would be hard to say that, in all cases, the ultimate appeal to assassination was incapable of some kind of justification. Before law exists, or wherever it is paralysed by circumstances, there will be at last the dread arbitrement of the sword or dagger. War is only assassination on a large public scale; and the use of the bowie-knife and of lynch law, like the murder of the Emperor Paul, can only find a place in the ruder conditions of political life. So is it with tyrannicide. It was at first hailed as a sublime virtue; it was afterwards defended as an exceptional remedy for exceptional cases; it is now proscribed as a detestable immorality and personal crime, society having outgrown the ideas and sentiments which excused or tolerated it. But the American public must not be shocked if we in Europe are surprised at the very rapid growth of their political convictions. They have now acquired such sudden ripeness in the sacred doctrine of the divine right of rulers, that their bishops openly adopt and circulate the English Homily against wilful rebellion. But when religious teachers are reviving with all unction the most extreme dogmas of the Tudor and Stuart divines and politicians on passive obedience and non-resistance, they must be reminded of some of the doctrines which other religious teachers have taught by certain warrant of Holy Scripture. On this very point of tyrannicide, for example, authorities on every side concur as to the lawfulness of the act, especially if the king's crime happens to be the proscription of that religion of which the tyrannicides approve. Mariana laid it down with all breadth, that to persecute the true religion was, in a king, a crime worthy of death, *cum laude et gloria perire*. Emmanuel Sa, a Portuguese divine, remarks, "Occupantem tyrannice potestatem quisque de populo potest occidere, si aliud non sit remedium; est enim publicus hostis." Tostatus, a famous commentator, lays it down, "Si jubetur colere idola, vel deserere legem Dei, rex debet occidi." Nor was this doctrine of king-killing confined to Roman divines. The famous Protestant Apologist, Hubert Languet, writing under the name of Stephanus Junius Brutus Celta—here is a hint that Mr. Mason was not so far wrong—in his celebrated "Vindicie contra Tyrannos" represents the accredited and received doctrine of king-killing from the Huguenot side. Nearer home, or Maitland and Hallam have misled us, we find the same doctrine adopted, without shrinking, by our own Poynt Bishop of Winchester, with an especial eye to Queen Mary of England, and by such men as Buchanan and Knox in the case of Mary of Scotland. These Protestant doctors were careful to treasure up the austere precedents of Judaism, and "delighted to record how the tribes of Israel had fallen away from Rehoboam, how Eglon had been smitten by the dagger of Ehud," and how Jezebel and Athaliah, the "bloody queens" of old time, had been assassinated under the direct command of God. The Bishop of Winchester says that "manifold and continual examples of the deposing of kings and killing of tyrants do most certainly confirm it to be most true, just, and consonant to God's judgment." It is scarcely necessary to add to these well-known authorities the less familiar names of Goodman at home, and Rose and Boucher among the French Leaguers. It would perhaps be unfair to say that Allen and Persons were not slow to apply to Queen Elizabeth the doctrines laid down by the French Calvinists in the case of Henry of Valois, but in this consent of doctors these principles soon found a practical application. Sects and parties applied them with an amicable indifference, and the tyrannicidal doctrines of Languet and Buchanan bore their natural fruit in another quarter. William of Orange was assassinated by Balthazar Gerard in 1584, Henri III. by Jacques Clement in 1589, and Henri IV. by Ravallac in 1610. Before the execution of King Charles, the doctrines held indiscriminately by Papists and Puritans on the right to depose kings for the sake of religion—and, for the matter of that, to kill them, "for kings do not use to be long-lived after their deposition, and they seldom stay till grief breaks their hearts," as Laud observes—were revived; and although we are not prepared to adopt Clarendon's suggestion that the alternative of poison and assassination was actually discussed among Cromwell's officers as a convenient solution of the difficulty, yet it is undeniable that the popular justification of the king's trial, adopted by the sectaries, proceeded upon the old and accredited doctrine of king-killing "for the mischief that he had done against the Lord's cause and people." The wheel, of course, went round, and the regicide doctrines of 1648 were repeated ten years later against Cromwell, and have given a sombre dignity to the names of Wildman, Syndercombe, Sexby, and Titus, whose famous pamphlet, *Killing no Murder*, if it is one of the last, is certainly among the ablest and most vigorous defences of tyrannicide extant. Clarendon seems all along to have taken the lawfulness of Cromwell's assassination as a matter of course; and the Jacobites and non-jurors, unless they are much belied, contrived to combine the sacred doctrine of the divine right of kings and the sacrilege of rebellion

with a tender regard to the lawfulness of tyrannicide, if it might be restricted to a usurper like the Dutch sovereign of England. The famous Oxford Decree of 1683, condemned by name the doctrines of Languet, Buchanan, and Milton on the right of rebellion; but in a few years Oxford became the head-quarters of Jacobitism, and of plots against the powers that be. The present Emperor of France may reasonably enough be expected to feel an exceptional and profound interest in the wicked crime which has been enacted at Washington; but a Bonaparte will do well to remember that the first who made that name illustrious was not ashamed, even on his death-bed, to reward an obscure villain whose only virtue was that he had compassed the assassination of the Duke of Wellington, and was willing to reduce to practice the obnoxious doctrine that it was the duty of private citizens to murder the public enemy.

We cannot, therefore, help reminding those American divines who desire to condemn the Southern "rebellion" on the high seventeenth-century doctrine of the unlawfulness of revolt against the *de facto* powers, that there may be a more excellent way of preventing such crimes as those of Wilkes Booth than by appealing to the examples set forth in the Books of Judges and Kings. Rebellion and tyrannicide have been justified by arguments quite as Scriptural as those which are taught in the English Book of Homilies. Wilkes Booth has met with something like an apotheosis; he has crowned his career with that sentimental tag for which his theatrical associations and his inherited love of melodramatic morality must have prepared him. But those who are interested in the great problem of the reconstruction of the States will do well to bear in mind that tyrannicide will always present a horrid attraction to coarse, sanguinary, and half-educated minds, which are essentially incapable of appreciating the noble principles of true civilization. The same ethical standard which conferred immortality on the detestable fanatics who "relieved their country from the vile tyranny of the Peisistratidae," as the schoolboys say, and which has canonized a wretch like Brutus, is not extinct in the Northern States. Butler and the clerical orators who would sow Charleston with salt, and can complacently survey the melancholy spectacle of fire and sword and rape and robbery carried into a thousand once happy homes of Christian families, must remember that political assassination, detestable as is that crime, is but a single chapter in the long and melancholy volume which is full of lamentation and mourning and woe. To prevent political murders, political justice must reassume its reign. We make no question that it is a nation's right to punish treason; that is, we make it as little a question as that it is the duty of a sovereign, whether that sovereign be called an Emperor, or a President, or a Public Opinion, to do justice and to restore freedom, as well as to enforce external compliance on the community whose interests a Government is commissioned to preserve. So long as violence, oppression, revenge, and confiscation are invoked as the true heralds of peace and the reconcilers of a divided household, it may well be dreaded that too many will be found to sympathize with the bombastic nonsense which Wilkes Booth left behind him. The old wicked trash about the lawfulness of tyrannicide has scarcely lost all its detestable influence on mankind; and it will always be open to a fool or knave to call any ruler whom he happens to dislike a tyrant. But, beyond and above all political theories, reigns the natural conscience of man; and the natural conscience of man revolts, and ought to revolt, at the doctrine of retributive justice which is just now preached in some of the high places of the North.

MISTAKEN ESTIMATES OF SELF.

IT must be a very hard thing for anybody who has once attracted general attention in any way to calculate the exact space he fills in the public eye. To be able to take the precise measure of his own success or his own reputation implies that a man has a nice sense of social perspective, which is by no means common even in persons of more than average natural modesty. For most people the world is so small that they may be pardoned for mistaking what is really a local or transient popularity for something infinitely greater and grander. Nobody can have a just appreciation of his own height or position without a certain standard; and as most of us are willing to think the best possible of ourselves, and are moreover, as a rule, either too busy or too indolent to transport ourselves systematically out of our own little sets and circles, this standard is not often derived from the comparison of a very wide range of examples. The popular preacher at a fashionable watering-place, or the favourite comic singer at a music-hall, or the Lord Mayor, or an eminent prizefighter, is guilty of no flagrantly excessive egotism if he should suppose himself to be one of the leading men of the time. His position in a measure precludes him from the opportunity of coming often into contact with people who do not admit that he is more important than they are. The popular preacher is blinded by the devotion and enthusiasm of his congregation. An exceptionally fractious or ill-conditioned Dissenter may occasionally remind him that the most popular men are fallible, but the lesson falls powerless on one whose constitution has become habituated to a close atmosphere of adulation and servility. The prizefighter and the comic singer have attained success in their own line, and there is no world to them out of their own line. All prominent officials, again, are treated with such respect and deference by the large majority of those around them that they are naturally disposed to

miscalculate their own importance in the scheme of the universe. The Head of a College, for instance, is surrounded by an air of divinity almost like that which doth hedge a king. It is not very wonderful if he forgets that his undergraduate subjects are only a grown-up kind of schoolboys, that the Hebdomadal Council is not the national Legislature, and that the receipt of an exceedingly large salary for doing exceedingly little work is not in itself a conclusive sign of overwhelming moral and intellectual superiority. The blunders of vanity in such cases as these are the obvious results of living in a very little world. One can easily understand how the Blue-coat boy came to express vehement objections against exchanging his petticoat and yellow stockings for an ordinary jacket and breeches, because all the people in the streets would stare at him. Habit soon deceives us into the conviction that our own yellow stockings are the correct fashion, and that all the rest of the world is eccentric and unworthy of notice.

Perhaps there is no truer test of greatness of character than the capacity of seeing fairly, and with something like accuracy, how far one's reputation extends, and what it means. The weak man who is mayor of Little Pedlington thinks himself one of the most conspicuous denizens of the Temple of Fame. The great man may not be unconscious of his prominence; he scarcely could be so without affectation; but he knows that prominence among mortals does not in itself imply any vast worth, and he is a great deal too full of thoughts and principles which have raised him to eminence to let his mind rest, in rather troubled repose, upon the fact that he is eminent. Clever and able men are often enough vain and conceited beyond endurance, but there is no room for vanity and self-complacency in a really great character. Neither in public nor in private life is there often found a just sense of proportion between the achievements of the individual and the magnitude and diversity of all the interests of the race, or even of any particular society. The restless member of Parliament who worries the House, and raises himself from a comparatively enviable obscurity, by asking little questions twice or thrice a week, believes that the eyes of Europe and America are bent upon him as keenly as upon the Premier or the leader of the Opposition. The young lady who has published a novel, and seen her name in advertisements, and been reviewed, is tempted to feel that she has a literary position and character to keep up before the world, as well as a right to discuss subjects with an authority that does not belong to the common folk who have never appeared in print. The restless member and the youthful authoress do not reflect that the mere circumstance of being talked about for a little time, whether favourably or otherwise, does not signify very much after all, and certainly confers no general rights over other people. A still more common folly is to suppose that a reputation on one point, however well merited, is a guarantee of superior authority on everything else. The fact that Mr. Tennyson can write very agreeable poems is no reason why he should aspire to represent Westminster. And Mr. Tennyson himself is very well aware of this. It is the men of smaller calibre who suppose that ability in one line is ability in all.

One or two curious instances have lately been noticed of men of a certain reputation in a certain department supposing that therefore all the world ought to know their opinions on all that the world is thinking about. The most important of recent events, beyond all comparison, has been the deplorable death of the American President. All sensible and right-minded men are agreed as to the atrocity of the murder, and the gravity of the misfortune to the United States. The voice of this country has been unanimous in denouncing the infamy of the deed, and expressing the sincerity and depth of its sorrow and regret. Every imaginable section of Englishmen has taken occasion to make a demonstration of sympathy and horror. Private individuals have, for the most part, been contented with the public display; but there are persons who seem constantly to be mistaking themselves for important corporate bodies. A popular tragedian, for example, has written to the papers, enclosing a letter which he has sent to the United States Minister in this country, in order to prove that the actors, as a profession, take as sensible a view of the assassination as their neighbours. Among other things, he tells Mr. Adams that Booth "has brought disgrace and obloquy upon a class which I am proud to boast has, from the days of Roscius till now, ever been true and loyal"; that he, Mr. Anderson, "holds an interest in the financial institutions of America, and during four long years of varied fortunes neither doubted her honour nor her faith, but left untouched his fortune in her hands"; that he is "an actor and a member of that profession which reared the ruffian who razed God's temple of honesty and virtue, and blighted our fair fame"; and therefore begs to express "his grief and solemn regret that the unnatural parricide should have been a player." This is all very sound and just, but why should a private person, because he happens to be a tolerable actor, write to the papers to say he has written this to Mr. Adams? Then Mr. Anthony Trollope also writes at length to a newspaper, to say that the ill tidings first reached him "at the Culze railway-station, on the banks of the Rhone, as I was returning from Italy," and informing the public how, "till I reached Paris, I did not fully credit that which I had read." But when he arrived at Paris he "soon found that there was no longer room for doubt; every newspaper was full of the deed, and every mouth spoke of it." Admitting that "Englishmen in general" have fully recognised Mr. Lincoln's admirable qualities, still "I cannot bear to think that he should have gone without mingling my voice of lamentation with those of others." Unfortunately, this is just

what Mr. Trollope can bear to think of. Instead of mingling his voice with the lamentations of others, he goes out of his way to set up a little solitary howl of his own. He confesses that "any prolonged utterance of individual grief would in him be an impertinence," and then prolongs his utterance over a large column. We can only borrow Mr. Trollope's own word to characterize his effusion. The whole letter is an extraordinary illustration of the way in which a charming novelist may flounder about in platitudes and almost penny-a-lining commonplaces when he turns political philosopher. And it is an excellent illustration of that mistaken estimate of self which induces a man of reputation to suppose that under all possible circumstances he ought to make the public acquainted with his sentiments. There is a wide difference between the political temper and the knack of writing graceful love-letters and understanding the feelings of agreeable young ladies and gentlemanly government clerks.

The same sort of feeling which made Mr. Anderson and Mr. Trollope so eager to write letters to the newspapers to show that they think like their neighbours on a momentous event in contemporary history, actuates a member of Parliament who is resolved to win fame as a martyr to the popular cause. The new member for Rochdale evidently thinks that, as he has succeeded Mr. Cobden, he ought at once to take up the same space before the public that Mr. Cobden occupied. He seized the opportunity of a meeting of working-men, who were assembled to show their sympathy with America, for proclaiming that he "had been bitterly denounced, because he wished to free the people from political serfdom." But Mr. T. B. Potter is not to be daunted. He is "prepared to bear" whatever dishonour the bloated aristocracy and venal press may bring upon him. It may be gravely questioned whether anybody in the world was in the least aware that Mr. Potter had been subject to denunciation. He is simply like Dodson and Fogg entreating Mr. Pickwick to call them some libellous name. Mr. Potter would be charmed beyond measure if somebody would style him agitator or demagogue. But nobody will ever think of doing anything of the kind. It is not every one who can bend the bow of Ulysses, and no amount of abusive language or raving about feudalism and English serfs will ever make people believe that Mr. Potter is anything but a very pigmy Bright. Neglect is far more unpleasant to some minds than persecution, and we should have much better hopes of Mr. Potter's peace of mind if he had declared himself "prepared to bear" simple indifference and obscurity.

About as important as Mr. Potter's declaration that he is quite ready to endure persecution is Lord Amberley's assurance that Mr. Mill is a very proper candidate for Westminster. This will, no doubt, be a powerful recommendation in the eyes of the electors, and Mr. Mill himself will feel encouraged to pursue his studies all the more perseveringly after receiving a testimonial from so eminently thoughtful, mature, and modest a mind as Lord Amberley's. It is less surprising that that diffident young man should have written his testimonial to Mr. Mill's worth, than that the papers should have thought it worthy of the most conspicuous place in their columns. But men's friends often estimate their exact position in the world quite as preposterously as the men themselves, and especially in the case of such people as the sons of Earls.

THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

IT has become almost a commonplace with commentators on Scripture to say that it may be read and re-read during a whole life without exhausting its significance; and in like manner it may be said of the British public, that you may study it a long time and not be able thoroughly to appreciate how fearfully and wonderfully it is made. Its folly is unsearchable, its credulity past finding out. The philosophical observer will not, therefore, feel any surprise at the extreme absurdity of much that has been said and written on the conduct of Mr. Arthur Wagner in relation to Miss Constance Kent. There are certain delusions which must be left to come to a head and then to discharge themselves in the shape of a speech of Mr. Whalley's; and we ought perhaps to feel thankful that in the present instance this favourable crisis has been reached at so early a stage. *Roma locuta est.* Whalley has spoken, and there is no more to be said. But though we may be safe for the future, we cannot forget the past; and the inconsistencies of feeling and inaccuracies of thought which have found a safety-valve, during the last week or two, in the correspondence of such of the papers as were willing to admit letters on the subject, form a curious little chapter in the history of public opinion.

If there is one grievance which, more than any other, has been a stock subject of complaint against the Roman Catholic Church, it is the way in which the confessional is supposed to work, especially in Ireland, as a bar to the discovery of crime. The true function of the priest, if we are to listen to some Protestant controversialists, is to act as a sort of supernumerary detective, with the advantage of not being bound to caution his penitent that anything he says will be used against him. And even writers of a less violent order have frequently drawn a convenient moral from the example of the Irish clergy, and dwelt complacently on the fact that their influence has either never been directed towards obtaining a public confession of guilt, or that, if it has been, it has signally failed in its aim. And yet the very same people who would punish an Irish priest because he does not make the confessional an ante-room

to the police court are now just as indignant against an English clergyman because he is supposed to have induced a murderess to give herself up to justice, and, by clearing her father's reputation, to make such tardy and imperfect restitution as is still open to her. There has rarely been an agrarian murder in Ireland that it has not been said that some priest must know all about it, and that, if he would but do his duty, we should soon know all about it too. But no sooner is a murder, equally foul and for years equally well concealed, brought to light through the alleged interposition of a High Church clergyman, than he finds himself violently abused for doing what the Roman Catholic priest has heretofore been violently abused for not doing. Nor is this the only inconsistency of which an intelligent public has been guilty. After finding fault with Mr. Wagner, first of all, for his supposed share in inducing Miss Kent to confess, they might have been expected to applaud his determination to leave her to tell her own story, and not to use against her the statements which she had made to him in strict and sacred confidence. Instead of this, his refusal to reveal what she had confessed to him in this way called forth another burst of indignation more virulent, if possible, than the former. To decline to confess for her seems to be fully as heinous a crime as suggesting to her to confess for herself. Whether he shields his victim or leaves her unprotected, his enormities are equally tremendous, and it is fortunate for him that he is charged with nothing upon which a jury can have to pronounce a verdict, or he would be very likely to add one more to the list of cases which prove that, where religious prejudice intervenes, the fair play even of Englishmen speedily takes to itself wings.

Passing from the personal question which has given the subject of confession an unusual and momentary interest, it may be worth while to inquire in what light it is expedient that the law should regard such confidences. That at present they are not privileged communications, and that a Roman Catholic priest is liable to be committed for contempt of court if he refuses to relate in the witness-box what has been told him in the confessional, is quite certain. The position of an Anglican confessor, however, is somewhat different from this, inasmuch as the Canons of 1603, which are commonly supposed to be legally binding on the clergy, though, according to Lord Hardwicke's well-known dictum, they do not *proprio vigore* bind the laity, contain a distinct provision upon this very point:—

If any man confess his secret and hidden sins to the minister, for the unburdening of his conscience, and to receive spiritual consolation and ease of mind from him, we do straitly charge and admonish the said minister that he do not at any time reveal and make known to any person whatsoever any crime or offence so committed to his trust and secrecy (except they be such crimes as by the laws of this realm his own life may be called in question for concealing the same), under pain of irregularity.—Canon 113.

What would be the precise effect of pleading this canon in bar of a direction to answer a question in a court of justice we are not able to say, but at any rate it gives Mr. Wagner a perfectly good defence for his refusal to "reveal and make known to any person whatsoever" a crime which has been "so committed to his trust and secrecy." It is a pity that the sapient and charitable people who are so ready to draw up an imaginary code for the guidance of "Protestant clergymen" will not take the trouble to make themselves acquainted, in the first instance, with the laws of that "Protestant Church" of which the clergymen in question are ministers.

It is clear, however, that, as a matter of justice and common sense, the position of a Roman Catholic and a High Churchman in respect of confession ought to be exactly the same. The persons who come to them for the purpose do so with the same reliance on their secrecy; and the Anglican confessor, equally with the Roman Catholic, feels himself bound, in honour as well as in conscience, to justify that reliance to the full. Is it desirable, therefore, that the protection which the law gives to communications between solicitors and clients should be extended to religious confessions? We venture to think that it is, and for these reasons. In the first place, it is highly inexpedient, as a general rule, to set law and conscience in open antagonism to one another, and this is exactly what is done when we make it illegal for a man to refuse to do what he considers that his religion forbids him to do. Nothing upsets the whole notion of obedience to constituted authorities so much as the interference of a "higher law," whether of honour or of religion, the dictates of which must be complied with at all hazards; and this is just what would be effected by an attempt to punish a priest for refusing to disclose a confession. We should be subjecting him to a legal penalty for acting in conformity with his conscience, and we should thus be striking at the very root of his respect for the law. And, after all, it would be a mere piece of legal bravado. No one can suppose that the slight punishment which is all that the feeling of society would allow us to inflict for such an offence would supply any man with an adequate motive for the disregard of an obligation secured by so tremendous a sanction as the public opinion of his whole order. But, assuming for a moment that it were possible by this means to make a confessor disclose what has been committed to him, in what respect would society be the gainer? We should not be one step nearer making the confessional an instrument for the discovery of crime, for the very simple reason that criminals, if they knew that the priest would betray them, would take care to dispense with confession altogether, or at least to postpone it to a moment when

either previous discovery or the near approach of death would have deprived it of any inconvenient consequences. Let it be granted that an Irish murderer invariably makes a confession to his priest, in the certainty that it will go no further—how should we be the better if that certainty were removed? The only consequence would be that the criminal would for the future shun the sight of the priest as carefully as he now does that of the policeman, and in this way we should lose the solitary chance of his subsequent reformation, and not improbably get two murders from him instead of one. The only argument in favour of such a course as this is that which is derived from the supposed expediency of discouraging confession altogether. If, it may be said, you can enforce a disclosure of what passes in the confessional—and to assume even this is to assume a good deal—you admit that it will put an end to the practice, and this will be so great a benefit as to justify some occasional severities. We submit that this argument would be perfectly in place at a meeting of the Protestant Alliance, and perfectly out of place everywhere else. The State has nothing to do with the religious creeds of its members, and to concede that it can ever be matter of public policy to interfere to change or modify them would be to restore the most mischievous errors of that system of legalized intolerance from which we have with such difficulty escaped.

ACADEMICAL DEMOCRACY.

THE introduction of the Public Schools Bill seems to have called forth an almost unanimous expression of opinion that the details of education are best controlled by those who are engaged in them. Those schools, we are told, flourish best which are least interfered with by the governors, while the most eminent of English schoolmasters tell us that he views with apprehension the supervision even of men the most distinguished in science and literature, if they are not themselves immediately engaged in the work of education. And for this there is the best possible reason. Education, like everything else, requires experience; it demands not merely a knowledge of the things taught, but an intimate acquaintance with the pupils, their mode of life, their habits of thought, the *entourage* by which they are surrounded. Hence it is that a good college tutor may make a bad schoolmaster, or a good schoolmaster a bad college tutor; and that a man who resigned his mastership or tutorship ten years ago may be utterly unfit to resume it now. Actual and present experience is, in fact, an absolute essential for controlling successfully the education either of boys or young men. We do not deny that there are crises when the intervention of bodies like Parliament or a Royal Commission may be required to infuse fresh vigour into decaying institutions, or to remove antiquated restrictions which impede the free expansion of new ideas. But a permanent body of governors, however admirably they may be selected, interfering from time to time with the direction of the studies and the details of school-work, is certain in the long run to ruin, for all intellectual and educational purposes, the unfortunate institution which is subject to its control.

We can, however, imagine this position being disputed. We can understand people saying that the experiment of a good board has never been fairly tried. Let your governors be all of them men who have distinguished themselves in science, literature, or education; let them be practically acquainted either with school-work or with the subjects taught in schools; and then, it might be said, you may safely allow them to prescribe to the masters the outlines of education, the distribution of school hours, the arrangement of the classes, the subjects to be pursued, the books to be used, or whatever else they may conceive to require their intervention. From such a position we should dissent, but we should dissent respectfully. The ground assumed is at least an intelligible one. Double government, it is maintained, is not in itself a bad thing, providing you can find as your controlling body a select number of competent men. But can we imagine any one seriously proposing such a scheme as the following? As the masters of a school are not to be trusted with the absolute control of the education, it is necessary to subordinate them to a superintending body. Now, on the principles of popular government, and in analogy with the well-known rules of the British Constitution, this body should be constructed on as wide a basis as possible. Let it, then, consist of all those who, having been educated at the school, have attained the age of five-and-twenty. But such a body being unwieldy from its size, we must constitute a permanent committee, whose acts, however, must be ultimately ratified by the larger body. Let this committee consist of all those persons, qualified as above, who live in the town. Further, let there be a sub-committee appointed by the committee of old pupils living in the town, and let this sub-committee be charged with the duty of preparing measures to be submitted to the two larger bodies. The masters are not to be allowed to make any alterations in the subjects or mode of study or examination, without the joint consent of the sub-committee, the committee, and the general body of old pupils. Ridiculous as it may appear, this is the actual constitution of the University of Oxford. The partial independence of the Colleges prevents it from working its full measure of mischief, but the University itself, in its capacity of instructor and examiner, is hampered in every movement by this triple chain.

Such a grotesque constitution as this might be supposed at least to enjoy the prestige of antiquity, but, strangely enough, two out of

these three bodies were created only ten years ago.* The promoters of the Oxford Reform Bill of 1854 felt, perhaps justly, that so venerable an institution as Convocation ought not to be rudely handled by us degenerate moderns. But, for its better information, it was proposed to constitute a new body, to be called Congregation. This was to represent, in the words of Mr. Gladstone, "a true aristocracy of mind and education." It was to "include within it the whole studying and the whole teaching body of Convocation resident in the University, and none other." But to the democratic minds of Mr. Walpole, Mr. Henley, and Sir William Heathcote, such a proposal savoured of a most offensive aristocratic spirit. It would make invidious distinctions. It would exclude those worthy men, the chaplains and the parochial clergy. Sir William Heathcote's idea of the fittest governing body for a university was not an intellectual aristocracy, but an "epitome of Convocation." "If the Congregation were to be useful at all, it ought to be an epitome and a representative of Convocation." If the object of Congregation were, however, to be an "epitome and representative of Convocation," it is difficult to see why it should have been called into existence at all, or why it should not have been constituted on the old and approved democratic method of selection by lot. Two Oxford curates, a Berkshire incumbent, a London barrister, and a college tutor, each selected from his class by lot, would probably have formed a better "epitome and representative of Convocation" than even Congregation does, though possibly, had the lot been peculiarly unfavourable, such a body might have included too intellectual an element to subserve its purpose. The importance of Sir William Heathcote's amendment was fully appreciated by the enemies of University Reform, while its bearings were very imperfectly understood by the promoters of the Bill. It passed by a large majority, and it has most effectually done its work. It is hardly too much to say that this one alteration in the Bill has neutralized almost all the advantages which the University, as distinct from the Colleges, might have obtained from the other provisions in it.

Had Congregation consisted, as was originally proposed, of those persons only who are engaged in study or education, the expression of its opinion on many recent points of dispute would have been so unmistakable as to have forced Convocation into acquiescence. A member of Convocation may now fairly decline to be guided by a narrow majority in Congregation. There is no reason why a person, simply because he lives in Oxford, should know more of University matters than his friend who lives in London, or Exeter, or York. The subtle influences of the *genius loci* may be very powerful, but they do not necessarily educate a man, or teach him to appreciate education in others. But not only is the prestige and influence of Congregation impaired by its miscellaneous composition; its decisions are often practically those of the non-educating *versus* the educating body. Out of 267 members of Congregation qualified by residence, only 136 (and this includes the Heads), or a bare half, are officially engaged, or supposed to be engaged, in education. Thus two-thirds or three-fourths of the whole educating body of the University may support the same candidate, or be in favour of the same measure, and fail to secure their object. This is no imaginary grievance; it has occurred frequently since the institution of Congregation. Wherever a body consists partly of persons who have a special qualification, and partly of persons who have not, there is always a tendency in those who have no special qualification to adhere closely together, if it be only to assert their own importance. And in Oxford there are peculiar reasons why this should be so. The Curates, Chaplains, idle Fellows of Colleges, M.A.'s casually residing in the town, and others who constitute the miscellaneous portion of Congregation, seeing and knowing little of the real work of the University, and being for the most part persons almost entirely destitute of intellectual habits of mind, are naturally at the mercy of any unscrupulous canvasser or theological fanatic whom party strife may throw uppermost. In proof of this assertion, we may appeal to any one who has known Oxford intimately during the last few years. That some modification or other of this extraordinary anomaly is imperatively demanded we regard as indisputable. It surely is not desirable that a place which is supposed to be devoted to study and education should be the constant scene of petty squabbling; that a proposal of the smallest change in the educational course should be regarded as the signal for a party struggle; that the supreme council of the University should be elected on theological and political rather than educational grounds, and so rendered inadequate to perform its true functions, while it is entirely divested of all independence of action. All these evils (and we have certainly not overstated them) we believe to be mainly due to the unfortunate constitution of Congregation. If this body consisted solely, or with few exceptions, of men actually engaged in the educational work of the University, we believe that its decisions would

be affirmed by such large majorities, and invested, from the official character of its members, with such authority, that they would seldom be questioned in Convocation. The elections to the Hebdomadal Council (with which all legislative measures must originate), instead of being, as they mostly are now, either the results of a compromise with the more moderate members of the reactionary party, or else dictated by the mere insolence and caprice of a tyrannical majority, would fall on the most experienced, the most distinguished, and the most truly representative members of the classes by whom they were chosen. And finally, the University, instead of being a convenient battle-ground for theological factions, might once more become a home for science and education. We do not believe it would be necessary to strip Convocation of its functions, or to make any radical change in the constitution of the University; we believe it would be quite sufficient to reduce Congregation to the limits originally contemplated in the Bill of 1854—namely, "residents qualified in respect of study and teaching." The former might be a qualification difficult to determine; for our own part, we believe that in Oxford the studying body is almost wholly included in the teaching body, though we are certainly not bold enough to state that the two are convertible. But, even if a *bona fide* declaration of study were admitted as a qualification, we imagine that a large proportion of the present Congregation would be possessed of sufficient modesty to abstain from sending in their claims.

It would of course be futile to expect any measure on the subject from an expiring Parliament, but we trust that, when the next Parliament assembles, the friends of the University will lose no time in directing its attention to this important defect in the last Bill. The Tory friends of democracy, in their ardour for their new love, will no doubt tell us that to disfranchise a large number of voters is reactionary, retrograde, illiberal, unconstitutional, and the rest of it; but even they can probably perceive that a Parliamentary constituency and an educational council are bodies sufficiently dissimilar to render an analogy drawn from the one at least questionable in its application to the other. Or are we right in supposing that it was not an aristocracy as such, but an intellectual aristocracy, to which these gentlemen felt so natural an aversion?

THE EDMUNDS, AND SOME OTHER, SCANDAL.

CONSIDERING that we are, and are rather proud of being, a shopkeeping nation, the way in which our chief shop is conducted, and our accounts of the national receipts and expenditure kept, ought to be a model, both as regards morality and accuracy, for business men. The Edmunds Inquiry has therefore a value far beyond the immediate matters with which it was concerned. Mr. Edmunds' own character, and his curious notions about honesty and honour and all that kind of thing, have only a philosophical interest. The odd sort of way in which everybody found it to be his duty not to see the things which were before his eyes shows the existence of a new moral disease, quite as formidable as any Russian epidemic, which seems specially to attack the House of Lords. As is only fitting, the Speaker of the Upper House has been most severely afflicted by this visitation. The Lord President of the Council and the Chairman of Committees are the victims who have suffered in the second degree; and while the members of Her Majesty's Government have incurred considerable danger, it is characteristic of the general prevalence of this malady that the chiefs of Her Majesty's Opposition have not escaped the epidemic, which has invariably attacked the seat of moral vision. The Lord Chancellor, who was perfectly well acquainted with a notorious embezzlement of public funds, did not consider it to be his duty to do anything to prevent the embezzler, Mr. Edmunds, from getting an honourable and substantial pecuniary testimonial from the national purse. The Lord President of the Council, though equally well informed on the subject, thought it right to absent himself from an inquiry in which he might have thrown the most essential light on the only point which could be of the slightest importance to a body especially entrusted with the duty of seeing that pensions are exclusively conferred on good and honest officers. This body, a Committee of Inquiry, though one and all in possession of unfavourable reports on the conduct of Mr. Edmunds, did not deem it to be part of their duty to ascertain whether there was any ground for those reports. One member of the Committee, on being told that he and his colleagues ought at least to have waited for the information to come formally before them which they already possessed informally, is seriously aggrieved at this delicate hint; and, riding a very high horse indeed, lays it down boldly and broadly that to inquire into a certain set of circumstances means to see as little of them as you possibly can, and that to endeavour to find out a thing which you have every reason to believe is purposely withheld from you is quite beyond the meaning of inquiry at all. This is the sort of political morality which official life in England has, as it seems, a natural tendency to secrete. If Lord Westbury had not been Chancellor and official guardian of the Queen's conscience, he could never, as he did on the 7th of March, have indignantly denied that he had at any time, or in any way, "ever held out to Mr. Edmunds that if he would resign he would use his good offices to obtain a pension for him"—the fact being that he had written, "All I can say is that, if Mr. Edmunds thinks proper to resign, I will do all I can with propriety to obtain for him his

* Congregation, as generally understood, was first called into existence in 1854. The Hebdomadal Council was a modification of the Hebdomadal Board. The old Congregation consisted of what, at the time of its institution, was really the teaching body of the University. It is still retained, without any alteration in its constitution, but its powers are almost nominal. Similarly, the old Hebdomadal Board represented the fellows of colleges, or, rather, in most cases, the past generation of fellows. Both these bodies were originally constructed upon sound principles, though, from change of circumstances, the functions of the one had fallen into abeyance, while the other had, for various reasons, especially from the heads having withdrawn from taking any active share in the teaching of their colleges, long ceased to command either the confidence or the respect of the more eminent members of the University.

pension." If, again, such a man as Lord Redesdale had not been for many years Chairman of Committees, he would assuredly not have discovered that important distinction between private and official morality which he and his colleagues have so remarkably exemplified. Nay, even if the House of Lords were only a body of gentlemen who conducted the ordinary concerns of life on the ordinary principles of English gentlemen, they would have scarcely presented that spectacle which now astonishes, if it does not edify, the world outside the Peerage. We infer from these concurrent instances a great principle of official morality, which seems to be to do as little as possible in the way of duty, for fear of being thought impertinently and intrusively zealous in the execution of a trust. It is the same great view of responsibility which has possessed itself of so many of our domestic servants, who never sweep out the bedrooms, clean the kettles, or dust the curtains, because they are not every day pointedly and specifically charged to execute these tasks.

When, in their personal capacity, noble lords and legislators avow this amiable reluctance to exceed their duty, and exhibit such a horror of being thought meddling, it is no wonder that this masterly inactivity is found to be the governing principle of the public service of the country. How, it is naturally inquired, could Mr. Edmunds contrive to defraud the public purse to such an extent without discovery? How was it that his defalcations were not discovered? Is it not the fact that there is a vast and most complex network of public accounts, public audits, checks, and accountants, and receivers, and returns, and vouchers, and verifications through which it is impossible for the tiniest misdeed of a misappropriation of public money to push itself? On this question the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Secretaries of the Treasury—all of whom were examined, and all of whom spoke with a triple voice, though, as it appears, a single consciousness, before the Edmunds Committee—have made some very remarkable disclosures. How comes it that Mr. Edmunds was so long an undetected defaulter? Are there no vouchers upon which his salary is paid and his payments allowed? The vouchers for his salary are, indeed, most accurate; as to the vouchers for his accounts, that is quite a different thing. As to the check upon the accuracy of his statement of fees, there is nothing but his word for it. To be sure, the Act provides for his sending in his accounts upon oath; but then it is nobody's duty to see that he takes the oath. Consequently he never took the oath, except once, when he tendered it to the Exchequer; and the Exchequer, not being specially authorized to receive the affidavit, positively declined to receive it. The Exchequer surmised that it might be the duty of the Treasury; but "the Exchequer is a mysterious word," as Mr. Gladstone admitted, and its ways are mysterious and past finding out. Whatever the Exchequer may have surmised on the subject, it did not communicate its surmises; and as the oath was required to be taken before a Master in Chancery, and as Masters in Chancery have been abolished, the practical result has been that for thirty years there has been no check of any kind, either from the Exchequer or the Treasury or Chancery, upon Mr. Edmunds—except this, that it was perhaps somebody's business, but nobody knows whose, to compel him to make an affidavit before a non-existing magistrate as to the completeness of accounts which nobody had the power to verify or check. There was an officer whose business it was to receive whatever money Mr. Edmunds thought proper to pay in, and whose business also was to put no questions; consequently, Mr. Edmunds paid what he thought proper, and, being asked nothing about his accounts, told nothing about them. On one, and the first occasion, when some impertinent person hinted that some sort of verification should take place, as Mr. Gladstone remarks, "this little that the Treasury did they did in excess of their powers"; and he rather admiringly states that, "as they had no power whatever to enforce their directions, Mr. Edmunds did not think proper to comply with them." Mr. Edmunds would evidently have been, in official eyes, a worse public servant than he has proved himself to be, had he committed the unpardonable indiscretion of allowing any official busybody, in pretended zeal for the public service, to be so insolent as to attempt to check a malversation which it was no business of his to poke his nose into. As to the Audit Office, that is a very fine institution, which rejoices in a very formidable name, a terror to all rogues in office, and the great safeguard against embezzlement. A mere scooped turnip, says Mr. Gladstone. "No accounts are audited at the Audit Office except those which are specially sent there; and there are a great many accounts which are not sent there." As to the public annual record of Mr. Edmunds' payments from 1835 to 1852, there is "none whatever." As to the little trifling circumstance that "the attention of the Treasury was not called to the fact" that from 1835 down to a year or two ago "no affidavit from Mr. Edmunds was sent in," Mr. Gladstone "can give no further explanation than this—that it was a matter entirely out of the jurisdiction of the Treasury." It "might be that the power of the Chancery was sufficient for that"; but that "is one of the mysteries of the Court of Chancery," as the Chancellor of the Exchequer shows, with reverent gaze towards a public institution so fearfully and wonderfully conducted. There are some things which neither Dandridge nor Gladstone nor any feller on earth can understand; and Chancery is one of them. It is, perhaps, a melancholy satisfaction to be informed that, even if the Treasury had had the power of receiving Mr. Edmunds' affidavit, all that could come of it would have been the highly responsible and onerous duty of seeing that the sum which he paid in tallied with the

sum which he said he had received. "These accounts" would of course have been required to be "properly supported by vouchers"—the said vouchers being Mr. Edmunds' own statement; the means of ascertaining the correctness of that statement—that is, of ascertaining the amount of his receipts—being absolutely without existence.

But this is, of course, an exception. It was, no doubt, by a mere accident that the accounts of the Patent Office were incapable of audit or verification. In the best of ledgers there will always be some unproved item. What occurred in Mr. Edmunds' unhappy business must surely be impossible in any other department of the public service. Mr. Gladstone's convictions on this point are ominously suggestive. He describes the existence of "a rather wide-spread system under which there are vast sums of money in this country in various categories for which the public would be ultimately responsible, and with regard to which, if they disappeared, the House of Commons would be called upon for a vote for their replacement, and with regard to which, nevertheless, the Treasury has no power whatever." The Committee evidently thought this a bounce on the part of the loquacious Mr. Gladstone—a mere rhetorical flourish, intended, perhaps, some day or other to prepare the way for some remodelling of public offices on a large scale. So, just by way of keeping the examination alive, the Chairman asked, "What are these large sums of money left unchecked and subject to evaporation?" "I may mention the Sutors' Funds in Chancery." As to the number of millions of which the Sutors' Funds consist, Mr. Gladstone says nothing, but he does more than hint that if some odd millions "disappear," nobody is responsible for the duty of seeing that these riches do not make to themselves wings. He says, as a matter of fact, that not many years since 60,000*l.* or 70,000*l.* "disappeared" from the Court of Admiralty, nobody knew, because nobody was required to know, how; only Parliament had to make it good. The Charity Commissioners, too, "hold two millions of money over which the Treasury has no control whatever." Indeed, it "would not surprise" Mr. Gladstone "at all to find that there are a great many public offices of which the true description," in Lord Derby's graphic language, is "that there are a number of public officers who may hold in their hands just as much public money as they think fit, and pay it if they think fit, and if they pay nothing at all there are no means of calling them to account for such nonpayment." To which we may add, that the difficulties and delays which official routine throws in the way of an honest receiver of fees paying his debts to the public at all are so great, and generally so tedious, that Mr. Edmunds was perhaps justified in becoming a rogue in self-defence. From his first and solitary experiment in honesty he found, not only that honesty did not pay, but that it was excessively tiresome and tedious for a debtor to get the State to receive its own; it was intolerably irksome and distasteful to the Secretary of the Treasury and to the Comptroller of the Exchequer to have any money offered to them under any circumstances. This being the sort of example set by the nation, in its highest capacity, we must say that Royal British Banks, and Unity Banks, and other defaulting institutions, boards, or copartneries, have a more than respectable warrant and sanction for their little commercial irregularities.

THE YORKSHIRE SOPHISTERS.

THE fervour with which, in the recent debate, Mr. Stansfeld complained of the revolutionary tendency of such speeches as that of the member for Calne was most truly edifying. "Such acts and such indications of policy and feeling are just the elements which go to form broad and bold lines of demarcation between classes of opinion in this country, and tend to a condition of mind favourable for great and revolutionary changes." And this, of course, in the eyes of the close friend of Mazzini, is a most shocking characteristic. A policy of great changes "belonged to the past, and none, he trusted, would do anything to revive it." For his own part, he preferred a "moderate measure willingly conceded." A condition of mind favourable to anything stronger than moderate measures is looked upon, therefore, with the greatest apprehension and dislike by Mr. Stansfeld and the small circle of Yorkshire members whose political views and temper he may be supposed to represent. The common notion as to the designs of this energetic little party is a mere mistaken fancy. Nothing would grieve them more than the revival of a policy of great changes. "I hope you don't think I'm a Wilkite," John Wilkes said. And to be thought Brightites or Radicals is equally objectionable to Mr. Stansfeld and his friends. Perhaps their tone is unpleasantly like that of the tradesman who deprecatingly presents his little bill, though the debtor is well aware that this is only a polite way of threatening writs and bailiffs. It is always politic to try civility before resorting to strong measures. The county from which Mr. Baines's Bill and its few most ardent supporters have come has an established reputation for carrying this doctrine even to extremes. "Candour," as Mr. Leatham said, "is more wanted than statistics." Anybody who has ever attended a Yorkshire horse-fair will instantly recognise the manner of this highly engaging frankness. The beautiful virtue of the dealer who does not want to deceive you, nor to keep anything back, nor to conceal any flaws or vices in his beast, is admirably reproduced in the guileless simplicity of the few patriots who deal in the six-pound franchise. *Caveat emptor* is a singularly wholesome maxim in politics as well as in

minor matters, and, in spite of the magnanimous protestations of the seller, people are naturally rather chary of exchanging a sound horse for a gross of green spectacles.

On the whole, the attractive candour of the Yorkshire Reformers was successfully kept up throughout the debate. They wore an almost Conservative mask with uncommon grace, and kept it on, not indeed without visible effort, but still with wonderful dexterity. It is difficult to recognise in the tame and timid Parliamentary speeches of Mr. Bright the grim fury which stimulates roaring crowds in Manchester or Birmingham. His young friends of Halifax and Huddersfield and Bradford contrive with equal success largely to dilute their fiery doctrines for the benefit of the House of Commons and the non-Yorkshire portion of the public. The thundering denunciations about class supremacy and political serfdom dwindle down into little protests against drawing lines of demarcation between classes of opinion, and against a policy of great changes. Instead of revellings against accursed oligarchies, we only hear touching expressions of "trust" that nobody will try to promote a condition of mind favourable to revolutionary movements. We have all evidently been mistaken in supposing that Mr. Stansfeld and Mr. Leatham and Mr. Bright deliberately wished to set up class opinions. They abhor lines of demarcation. Every man should veil his differences of opinion, and contribute to universal harmony by forbearing to dissent from the majority. After all, the mistake is not so great. We thought that in their North-country orations they were doing their best to set one class against another. They protest and declare that they want to do away with classes altogether. To display superior learning, or superior capacity for seeing all round a subject, is an impertinence, because it implies a disposition to think yourself and your class better than your neighbours. It is the educated and thoughtful people who write good books, or make philosophic speeches, or in any other way show uncommon excellence, that stir up envy and uncharitableness. We have no right to differ from the non-electors of Bradford or Halifax or Leeds, because to do so is to draw a line of demarcation between class opinions. It is to show that you presume upon the stronger judgment and wider range of thought which greater leisure has enabled you to acquire, in order to make yourself out better than the poor downtrodden non-electors. It is Mr. Lowe who plays the firebrand between classes, not Mr. Bright. In accordance with Mr. Stansfeld's argument, one Radical journalist at least has denounced Mr. Lowe's speech as the height of "insolence." The reasoning, it may be presumed, is something of this kind. The working-classes ought to be enfranchised. But, it is replied, those who have less leisure for the acquisition of knowledge and the formation of sound mental habits are surely not so fit to govern the country as those more fortunately situated. Do you mean to say that a working-man would not be as fit to share in the government as his betters if he started fair with them? But he does not start fair, and, as a matter of fact, is not as fit. So! you flaunt your advantages over the poor sons of toil; you reproach them with a poverty and ignorance for which they are not to blame; you are inflaming class-feeling; you think that one man is not as good as another! The argumentation is summary, but amazingly effective.

Occasionally the Yorkshire sophistry had a tendency to be just the least in the world transparent. The great object of an extension of the franchise, said Mr. Stansfeld, is to admit the working-class. Their exemplary virtue and intelligence are so great that it is a downright injustice to exclude them, and this Bill ought really to be passed. Then he turns in imagination to the objection that the working-class are indeed very virtuous and exemplary, but that this is scarcely a good reason why the existing electors, who are also fairly virtuous and exemplary, should be disfranchised by the enormous numbers of the working-class. The objection is soon disposed of. "From calculations he had made he found that, of the proposed new electoral bodies in boroughs, not one-third would belong to the working-class." The chief merit, that is, of a Bill introduced expressly and solely to enfranchise working-men is that no more than a third of the persons whom it would affect are working-men at all. Such shiftiness of reasoning, such power of changing the aspect of things as convenience may require, is quite admirable. One man asks the dealer if his brute has plenty of blood and spirit, and is assured that it is as much as can be done to hold him in. Another customer asks, about the same animal, if it is a nice ambling pad, and is instantly assured that a gentler, steadier beast could be found nowhere—an old lady could manage him. To the democrat, Mr. Baines's Bill is urgently recommended as being "an instalment," the "thin end of the wedge," the preliminary canter before the race of universal suffrage and equal electoral districts. To those who are impaled on the horn of a "liberal dilemma," it is described in consoling terms as a moderate measure, one that will satisfy the working-class, and yet leave plenty of power in the hands of philosophers. Candour is, indeed, more wanted than statistics. It is the most delicious of virtues, and, if tempered with moderate discretion and ruled by a tolerably keen eye to the main chance, may be quite as useful as artfulness and imposture.

It is impossible to admire too profoundly the well-judged self-control with which the Reformers kept strict silence as to the effects of a more democratic franchise upon future legislation. To hear them, nobody would ever suspect that a lower suffrage could perhaps become a kind of fulcrum for the enforcing new principles of legislation. None of the Reformers hinted that they looked upon Parliamentary Reform as merely a means of acquiring suffi-

cient purchase, as it were, for so-called Reform in everything else that should come within the reach of what Burke would have called their "quadrumanous activity." Yet nobody supposes for a moment that they desire the working-class to have votes simply for the sake of having them. Voting is not wholly an end in itself. People must vote for something—either for men, or for measures through men. Are Mr. Leatham and Mr. Stansfeld so zealous for extended enfranchisement in this particular direction, without any opinions or hopes about the effect which the extension would have upon the proceedings of the House of Commons? Their discreet reticence on this aspect of the Bill will probably receive a series of startling comments upon the Huddersfield and Halifax hustings. The strange silence of Mr. Bright upon a subject of which he is really the loudest champion was probably the result of a similar, and in his case a very rare, perception of what the situation demanded. If he had spoken at all, he would have been unable to command himself so fully as to leave the "good government" argument unanswered. We should have had plenty of reasons why the House of Commons should be rapidly and profoundly democratized. The tenure of land, the incidence of taxation, the "bloated armaments," the Church, would all have been shown to demand such cathartic treatment as only a half-Republican House would be likely to undertake. The Yorkshire members are not less anxious than Mr. Bright about all these; but it was expedient to feign an undivided and disinterested zeal for mere extension, without any regard to its probable consequences. All they want, according to their own representations, is a recognition by the Legislature of the moral and intellectual worth of the working-man. Only let the artisan, they say, feel that he is trusted, and he will at once become worthy of confidence. Give him the sentiment of responsibility, and that alone will fit him to bear it, and to discharge uprightly and wisely the duty it involves. A great writer has well said that "Responsibility prevents crimes; it makes all attempts against the law dangerous; but for a principle of active and zealous service none but idiots could think of it."

CENTRAL ASIA.

IF the lamentable experiences of a quarter of a century ago should prove sufficient to make this country absolutely indifferent to Russian conquests in Asia, it will not be the first time that the cry of "wolf," when there was no wolf, has made the real call of danger fall upon unwilling ears. Our rash efforts to guard against the then shadowy danger of Russian aggression cost us the disastrous Afghan war which is recorded in one of the most disagreeable pages in our history. It was provoking enough, after all our costly and damaging efforts, to discover that we might have cared nought whatever for the cause of our alarms. The contemporaneous disaster to Russia in her expedition against Khiva, when her army was overwhelmed in a snow-storm between the Caspian and the Aral Seas, came as a conclusive proof that she was too far off, and the ground to be marched over too difficult, for us to fear danger to our Indian possessions. It is not surprising, therefore, that the recently renewed apprehensions of Russian aggressiveness should be somewhat impatiently brushed aside. The subject revives unpleasant memories, and ready writers find it easier to discourse from experience, without too curiously inquiring whether the experience is strictly applicable. It is superfluous to say that this is hardly the spirit in which the new facts brought forward should be looked at. It may be that there is no real cause for apprehension; it may even be that, admitting Russian aggressiveness, there are reasons enough why we should suffer her encroachments upon the States which lie between her and our Indian possessions without objection or resistance; but these are matters for after consideration. The first thing to be done is to understand what Russia is actually doing, and what line of policy she appears to be pursuing.

Upon this point we think little doubt can be entertained. She is certainly occupied with the conquest of Central Asia—the whole of that immense region lying between the Ural River and the Caspian in the west, and the Irtysh and the frontier of China in the east, consisting of the Kirghis Steppe in the north, and the kingdoms or khanates of Khokand, Bokhara, and Khiva in the south. In an article which we published some months ago (December 10, 1864), before the subject had attracted much attention here, we described in some detail the past conquests of Russia, and especially the campaign of last year, the mere record of which could leave little doubt of her intentions. The substance of the narrative was, that Russia, having during the last thirty or forty years completed the conquest of the Kirghis Steppe, commenced about twelve years ago the conquest of Khokand, the most northerly of the three khanates we have named. Keeping in view that Khokand forms the upper valley of the Jaxartes, or Syr-Daria—one of the two rivers which flow from the table-land of Central Asia, after a north-westerly course of about 1,200 miles, into the Sea of Aral—we pointed out that the Russian invasion had approached Khokand from two directions, from up the Syr-Daria in the west, and from the mountainous regions on the borders of China in the east; and that the result of the campaign was the capture of three forts or fortified towns of Khokand—Turkestan, Aulietta, and Tchemkeest—and the establishment of a new frontier line, at considerable expense, to Khokand. The facts of the campaign itself were derived from Russian official narratives, and could not be ques-

tioned, whatever inference might be drawn from them; but we have since had some curious confirmations of the justice of our interpretation. The new acquisitions rendered it expedient to "ameliorate" the organization of the provinces of Russia by which the acquisitions had been made; and accordingly, on the 12th of February last, an Imperial decree was issued, creating a new province, to be called Turkestan, after the name of the principal district of Khokand which formed part of it. The frontier line of the Empire is spoken of in the decree as the "advanced line instituted last year." A circular which Prince Gortchakoff has since addressed to the representatives of Russia at the Courts of Europe deserves attention as displaying the real features, not only of last year's campaign, but of the Russian conquests for some years previously.

Prince Gortchakoff acknowledges in this circular that the Imperial Government has established itself, on the one side, upon the Syr-Daria; on the other, upon Lake Issyk-Koul (near the Chinese frontier); and has consolidated these two lines "by advanced forts which have penetrated little by little into the heart of these distant regions." The purpose of last year's campaign was that the two fortified lines of the frontiers, "the one running from China to Lake Issyk-Koul, the other stretching from the Sea of Aral along the Syr-Daria, should be united by fortified points, so that all our posts should be in a position for mutual support"; and it was "essential that the line of advanced forts thus completed should be placed in a sufficiently fertile country, not only to secure their provisioning, but also to facilitate regular colonization." The previous line had possessed the inconvenience of being almost at the border of the desert, and notwithstanding their repugnance to give their frontier a greater extent, various reasons had been powerful enough to determine the Imperial Government to establish the continuity of the line between Lake Issyk-Koul and Syr-Daria, embracing a country fertile, well wooded, and watered by numerous streams. Such, with the verbiage squeezed out of it, is Prince Gortchakoff's version of the invasion of Khokand; and it will scarcely be denied that, whether the reasons alleged are good or bad, the phrases used by him imply a very considerable conquest indeed. One or two facts may be added to mark out the features of the invasion more distinctly. The most prominent feature in the conquest of the Kirghis Steppe was the establishment of the two lines the continuations of which are referred to by Prince Gortchakoff. On the one hand, a line was advanced from Orenburg on the Ural, south-east through the steppe to the Sea of Aral, and the mouth of the Syr-Daria, with forts and outposts stationed at regular intervals; and the line since 1848 has been protracted, still in the same direction up the Syr-Daria, for more than three hundred miles, about which distance from the river's mouth is placed the first-class fort of Akmetshet. The forts on the river constituted the line of the Syr-Daria. On the other hand, the "line of Siberia" was advanced in a similar manner due south from Semi-palatinsk on the Irtysh, keeping to the east of Lakes Balkash and Issyk-Koul, till, according to late authentic accounts, the extreme Russian outposts were planted on the ridges of the Mustau, among which lie the sources of the Syr-Daria, and whose singular geological characteristics have been for several years the scene of explorations by Russian travellers. Russia regarded as her frontier in that direction the summit of the Mustau. These two lines enclosed the steppe on the east and the west, but all the time various parallel lines were advanced into the heart of it, the forts in the rear being gradually abandoned with the consolidation of Russian authority, and the establishment of new forts further in advance. The most advanced forts, besides, had always been interconnected, the Russian connecting line previously to last year having run along a river called the Tchui, while the new line is spoken of as the advanced line instituted beyond that river. But there is another element in the conquest of last year more important even than the acquisition of so much territory. Looking at the map, it will be observed that the Syr-Daria, having its sources among the hills penetrated by the line of forts from Semi-palatinsk, flows at first nearly due west and then north-west, forming a large elbow, which composes the principal portion of Khokand, lying on the north bank of the river, and including nearly all the large towns. Turkestan, Aulietta, and Tchemkest, the three captures of last year, are on the south-western slopes of the last considerable mountain ridges between the Russian frontier and that part of the river. Khokand is therefore deprived of her mountain barriers against a northern invasion. Russian troops may come eastward from Lake Issyk-Koul, and capture the cities of Khokand in succession, while, from the newly acquired Tchemkest, a day or two's march will conduct her to Taschkend, the great commercial emporium of the khanat, and thence a few days' further march will bring her to the capital of Khokand itself. These facts are all the more significant when we add that in 1863 a Russian admiral, Boutakof, navigated the Syr-Daria a thousand miles from its embouchure in the Aral Sea, proving that Russia may have steam communication from the sea to any post she may establish on the upper river, and that the State of Khokand may be completely enveloped by Russian posts, if that be required previously to the ceremony of annexation.

Nor do the official explanations quite inspire the belief that there is no aggressive purpose in this extension of Russian dominion. For some time the official press of St. Petersburg was instructed to declare that only a very slight addition was last year made to the Imperial territory, that the campaign had been nothing more than an expedition against robber bands; and the newspapers were

very zealous in indignant denials of exaggerated stories which reached us through India. The Indian newspapers, indeed, furnished a splendid opportunity for going upon a false scent. Adopting the reports which came from Central Asia through Cabul and Cashmere—the rumours which were circulated from tribe to tribe, or passed from one merchant to another on those caravan routes across the desert which have for ages been the track of commerce—the Indian journals sent us home some very surprising tales indeed, which besides were very far from being self-consistent. At one time it was reported that Russia, having gained Khokand, had sent ambassadors to Bokhara, with an autograph letter from the Emperor, requesting free passage for Russian troops to Thibet. To this it was easy to reply that the Emperor had sent neither ambassador nor autograph letter, and that the latter circumstance was not very likely; and as for going to Thibet, it was scarcely worth the trouble of saying that Russia had no intention to send troops through the territories of sovereigns not very trustworthy, over hundreds of miles of country the most rugged, mountainous, and inhospitable in the world. Then there were mysterious reports of an Imperial ambassador or spy coming to Cabul, and that the King of Bokhara, at Russian instigation, was supporting the rebellious chieftain who holds the Afghan possessions in Turkestan in despite of the Ameer, and who, it was even said, was promised the assistance of a Russian column, whose commander he would appoint! Even if Russia had designs on India, it would not yet be worth her while to trouble Afghanistan, where troubles are sure enough to spring up of themselves to keep it weak till her slow advance has crept up to the border; and any one can judge of the likelihood of a barbarous chief being allowed to nominate a commander for Russian troops. Last of all, we were informed that there is no truth in Indian reports that Russia has sent presents to Bokhara, that Russian labourers are engaged in making roads from Khokand to that State and to Khiva, and that Russia has proclaimed from Taschkend a remission of Khokand taxes for two years—Taschkend, it is asserted, not being yet in her possession. Thus an easy triumph was won by the Russian organs; but what if the facts which they must admit point in the same direction as the statements which they deny? if the things denied are true in spirit, though not in the letter? if Khokand, as we have shown, is virtually conquered or at the mercy of Russia, though the conquest be not nominally complete?

And here comes the authoritative explanation of Prince Gortchakoff—not quite in agreement with the tone of previous denials by official and semi-official organs, but full of a deceptive candour as to the facts. He does not speak of a "very inconsiderable" addition to the Russian territory, but, as we have seen, of a new line embracing a country "fertile, well-wooded, and watered by numerous streams." His explanation is not without plausibility. Russia, he says, has for many years been engaged with the savage tribes on her frontier in the steppe, provoked—as England, Holland, and France have been in similar circumstances—into further conquests by the unsettled and predatory habits of her neighbours. She dislikes, however, the process of unlimited expansion, which involves her in a hard and profitless struggle; and her aim has long been to establish a solid frontier, secure against aggression. For that purpose the line which she acquired last year in the north of Khokand offered a favourable opportunity. It was necessary that a frontier of the kind she wished should be within the borders of an agricultural people, both for the sake of putting a stop to conquests and of encouraging the commerce by which the civilization of her subject robber tribes could be effected, as well as for the convenience of provisioning the forts, which, if planted in the desert, must have drawn their supplies from a great distance and at great cost. Prince Gortchakoff is not quite consistent in pleading the provocations of predatory neighbours as the excuse for encroachment, and yet acknowledging that the last encroachment was upon the territory of an agricultural people, who were likely to be more settled neighbours. No doubt, if Russian intentions had been as described, it must have been very convenient to annex a portion of the neighbouring territory; but it is not astonishing that the Khokandians should not see the subject in the same light. But, as a matter of fact, the conquest of the Kirghis Steppe appears to have been much more of a voluntary act than this plea of provocation represents. The account given by Mr. Atkinson of the purchase of the silver mines of the Tchengis-tau will show partly in what interest, or supposed interest, Russia acted, and what methods were tried to cozen the Kirghis chiefs out of their broad lands, for a few splendid dresses and some useful articles of Birmingham ware. Nor did the establishment of the fort of Kopal, in 1848, on the Chinese frontier, hundreds of miles south of the furthest Russian fort previously existing, nor the establishment of the Russian forts on the Syr-Daria and of Akmetshet, in 1853, look like efforts reluctantly made. The conquest of the steppe was systematically planned and carried out, military posts being coolly advanced into regions remote from the frontier of the Empire, and tribes considered annexed who only awoke to a consciousness of the fact when Russian authority was put forth from the new and unassailable fort planted in their midst. In the contest with Khokand, again, Russia had not first to complain of the attacks of predatory tribes upon her settlements and the caravans of commerce. For some years past her commerce with Khokand, and through Khokand with the countries further south, has been diminishing, not because of these attacks, but owing

is her war with that country. Such is the statement of Mr. Lumley, the Secretary to the English Embassy at St. Petersburg, and it disposes effectually of Prince Gortchakoff's excuse that the Russian aggressions were necessary for the sake of protecting commerce.

The question arises why Russia is so anxious to explain away her policy in those remote regions. It is difficult to see what motive she can have for being thought non-aggressive, if she really is so. So long as she is quiet in Europe, her credit on the European Exchanges will be little affected by any false reports of her doings in Asia. Her abstinence from aggression may safely be left to become self-apparent. But if she purposes conquest, and denies the purpose formally to European Powers, the only reason can be that some of them have an interest adverse to her own, and that she wishes to parry their interference. In other words, Russia takes for granted that her conquest of Central Asia is a menace to India, and that it is expedient the alarms of England and India should be allayed, lest some steps should be taken to counteract her schemes. From this point of view the denials of Russian newspapers and the explanations of Prince Gortchakoff's circular become intelligible. The proposed conquests will materially alter the nature of our relations with the whole region, if indeed the alteration is not already beginning. Twenty-five years ago, when the subject of a possible Russian invasion of India was so much discussed, the road through Khiva and Bokhara was held unworthy of consideration. No army, it was said, could be marched over the enormous distances and the numerous deserts that intervened. The greatest danger was supposed to lie in the road across the Persian province of Khorassan from Asterabad on the Caspian to Herat, through a country not unsuited for the march of armies. But it was admitted that the conditions of the problem would be altered if Russia should first have conquered the whole region north of the Hindoo Cush, so that she could collect an army in Bokhara and the upper valley of the Amu-Daria, or Oxus, as in her own territory. This conquest is the very thing Russia is now engaged in. Khokand, we have seen, is virtually gone. Thence to Bokhara is not a ten days' march for an army, and the intervening country has for generations been the battleground of incessant wars. Bokhara, if pressed, must quickly follow the fate of Khokand; and, Bokhara once in Russian power, Khiva would be exposed to invasion both from Bokhara in the east, and from up the Amu-Daria in the west. It is not likely that a very long time will elapse—probably not more than twenty years—before the southern frontier of Russia is carried to the southernmost limits of these States, and includes the whole valley of the Amu-Daria. The Kirghis Steppe, now wholly in Russian possession, was acquired within thirty years, and its extent is greater than the districts remaining unsubdued. The country to be subdued besides is more suitable for invasion, possessing larger centres of population, and abounding in the materials for the support of armies. The steppe also was conquered while Russia had numerous other affairs on hand, including the great war in the Crimea, the subjugation of the Caucasus, and the last insurrection in Poland, which paralysed her energy on minor fields of operation. All these obstacles are removed; and, though other crises may occur, it appears likely there will be peace for some time, and leisure for undivided attention and concentration of resources for the new conquests. Ten years would be ample time to execute the needful campaigns, but, allowing for the labours of solidly establishing her rule, chastising the robber bands which infest the region, and accustoming the people—the majority of whom are fanatical Mahomedans—to submission, we may reckon twenty years as not too short a time. Those who think otherwise should remember the suddenness with which, in 1854, a Russian expedition swooped down the Amour, planting post after post, and annexing a wide region in about six weeks. With the valley of the Amu-Daria secured, Russia's next step—if she dares a next step—must be the conquest of Afghanistan, and the posting of Cossack pickets in the neighbourhood of Peshawar.

It is certain that the belief that Russia is really seeking a highway to India is firmly held by the populations which lie between her present frontier and our Indian Empire, and every step which she takes southward must add to the profound emotion stirred up by the campaign of last year. The most striking proof of the effect produced is the mission of the envoys from Khokand to the Viceroy of India, to the Sultan, and now, as we hear, to our own Government at home, to petition for our assistance against Russia—a mission which appears, according to the latest reports from India, to have been so far successful that a return mission to Khokand is being organized in the Punjab to investigate and report upon the actual progress of Russian invasion and intrigues. Are we to share in the apprehensions of the tribes of Central Asia, and of the majority of Anglo-Indians? We think not, in so far as the difficulty of defending our frontier against invasion is concerned. As some Russian newspapers insist, it will be easy for us, with the resources of India, and with railways to concentrate our troops on the north-west frontier, to defeat any force which Russia could collect from her wide territories and mass in the extreme south. But if there is little danger from actual invasion, we cannot agree with those who hastily assume that it is desirable we should have Russia for our immediate neighbour. Her power to collect an army, unobserved by us, on our very frontier, could not be neglected if a war between us should spring up; and it would not have been pleasant, in such a crisis as the mutiny of 1857, to have depended for safety on Russian

forbearance, as we must have done had Russia then been mistress of Afghanistan, or even the next neighbour of that country. And it must not be forgotten that the offensive power of Russia is rapidly on the increase, and will be very great even in these regions at present so little known. A railway is already projected from Moscow to the Sea of Aral, and though Russia has many railway lines to execute before that one is begun, the work goes on at an accelerated rate of progress every year. She has already a merchant fleet of 300 steamers on the river Volga and the Caspian, and a small fleet on the Sea of Aral, which could easily be increased, the banks of the Syr-Daria growing abundant timber. Another railway is talked of from Asterabad to Herat, and portions of the line even are projected. The Amu-Daria again, notwithstanding the statements of some travellers about obstructions and shifting sandbanks, appears really to be navigable, as well as the Syr-Daria, hundreds of miles from the Sea of Aral; and good roads could easily be made along its banks. It is obvious that the march of a Russian army to the frontiers of India may in a few years become a work of comparative ease. We are far from saying that Russia ought to be interfered with in these conquests because of future dangers to ourselves—that we should risk a war now merely to prevent her from being in a better position to threaten us in the event of a future war. There are signs that, even in Russia, the task of governing and assimilating the heterogeneous populations already under her sway is found to exceed her strength, and that new ideas and prosperity may really indispose her to a great war of aggression, or to aggressive schemes which involve the danger of war. These may be reasons for doing nothing more than observe her present movements; but the facts themselves deserve observation, and concern us so nearly that they should not occur without an attempt to estimate their real meaning.

EXHIBITION OF THE OLD WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

THIS year's collection appears to be not quite up to the high level of attractiveness which our distinguished Old Society is considered commonly to reach. The range of water-colours has hitherto been so much restricted to landscape, and landscape itself, until our artists travel more widely, is so apt to repeat familiar views and effects, that from this cause alone a character of monotony may be expected to be always more or less conspicuous in the gallery. One or two of the older favourites of the public, for some reason which we trust is only accidental, are but scantily represented in the present exhibition; and two or three of those who were, or seemed likely to become, popular do not support their fame—for which that popularity itself, as we shall presently have to notice, is no doubt partly in fault. Lastly, the new display of life in this interesting branch of the art which the year has already seen, and the advancing standard of the "Institute," may have rendered spectators less easily satisfied than in the old days, when this single room practically contained almost all that was highly notable in water-colours. But every side should have its innings, and no doubt the "Old Society" will take its revenge in 1866.

Let us clear off our little disappointments first, lest we should seem to imply more than we mean in this direction. We can, indeed, hardly include Mr. Birket Foster amongst them; for although some of the landscapes which he exhibited in 1864 appeared to warrant us in the hope then expressed, that he was at last about to break through his peculiar mannerism and give us less of his familiar studio arrangements on natural air, yet there was no ground for expecting that this artist's work would ever rank with that of the *maîtres passés* in his profession. Very few men, we apprehend, who change their practice when once it has been well fixed in a particular line, have succeeded; and, in Mr. Foster's case, the slight and sparkling vignettes on wood by which he was long known were an unfortunate, nay an adverse, school for the training of a painter. Perhaps the constant habit of translating the countless tints of nature into the "coarse blacks and whites" of the woodcut—especially the woodcut treated in a rather niggling and illustrative style—may of itself deaden all but a fine eye for colour. At any rate, the infinity of small mechanical touches by which a modern woodcut gains its effect, wonderful as the requisite dexterity may be, is one of the most fatal inheritances that an artist could carry with him into water-colours. The sea-shore of the "Hastings," with the old timber and boats upon it, and the fretful skies of several drawings by Mr. Foster, are examples; and this, which (if the rest of our artists are right) must be called an ignorant execution, is not redeemed in the examples before us by charm or by truth of colour. There is also little proper light or shade; one cannot discover under what sky the scene passes. We are only repeating in other words old Tintoret's confession, "The study of nature is immeasurable, and the sea grows always deeper as we advance"; and Mr. Foster, though gifted with a tender feeling for simple landscape, and a strong sense of prettiness, has not yet gained the power of doing justice to these qualities. But, difficult as it must always be to paint "nature"—using the word in the conventional sense for all that is not man—every one knows that to paint the human figure is a much harder task. Hence we never saw Mr. Foster to such disadvantage as we do this year, when he has produced a series of subjects from children—or, rather, has painted two or three favourite models of the prize school-girl kind eight times over. Allowing for Mr. Foster's

usual want of light or colour, and not asking for more than children in a few easy aspects, the superficial effect is often pleasant; but this makes us regret the more that neither the limbs nor dresses are really drawn at all. Of course we cannot always have important or deeply studied subjects, but work that aims only at prettiness seems to require care and accuracy all the more from its comparative facility. There is no virtue in such idle *meaning to draw*; what art requires is *drawing*. What a difference between the child on the beach here with its arms thrown up, and the child in Mulready's "Hayfield," which has suggested the action! The girls in Mr. Foster's "Swing," the boy gathering cowslips (33), have as little of natural form; and we are made to feel this absence of figure beneath the dress the more by the mechanical spots of white with which, irrespective of fold or shadow, the children's clothes are sprinkled. One would think they had been standing too near the whitewasher.

Of course, while this kind of work sells, it will be produced in any quantity wanted, and the public is partly responsible if the powers by which the artist might have raised our taste or given lasting pleasure are wasted. And a similar criticism may probably apply, not only to painters in the older style, like Mr. F. Tayler and Mr. Gilbert, but to Mr. Walker and Mr. Burton. Not to dwell now upon the wretched Italian affectations of Mr. Rivière, it must have a depressing effect upon our young artists if the leaders in their profession are satisfied to go no further than the "blottesque" manner of Mr. Tayler, or Mr. Gilbert's cross-hatchings, and to make brown everywhere do duty for shadow. And the hopes which have been lately expressed in all quarters, alike among artists and among critics, that English art would at last make up for its confessed deficiency, and rival French in the more accurate and graceful drawing of human form, are a little lowered whilst Mr. Burton's delicate and careful handling yields the wristless hand and crude drapery of his "Marchesa," or the misplaced ear and awkwardly placed arm of his smaller figure. There is also an inanimateness, a want of mind, in these drawings, nay even a want of refinement in the larger one, which disappoint those who remember former works by the painter. Mr. Walker, who promised well last year, keeps closer to the reality of life in his girl leaning against a tree; but the lower portion of the figure and dress hardly ranks above Mr. Foster's drawing. The model, also, has been ill-selected, and looks as if inserted into the landscape.

If the forcing-house atmosphere of too indiscriminating and rapid popularity, fed by a national wealth which outstrips the slow advance of sound progress in art, be one potent reason why promise does not always become fulfilment, it is not, however, to this cause that we must probably look for the peculiarities of style and subject by which Mr. B. Jones has this year given prominence to the weaker side of his real talent. There can hardly be a worse motto for an artist of any power than that which this gifted gentleman appears to have taken for his device—"I do well to be eccentric." Scarcely one of the works which he now sends is without some carelessness in drawing so obvious that the painter must be as well aware of it as any young lady in the rooms. In most instances this fault is unredeemed by the value of the idea or the beauty of the composition, and even that truly gorgeous and noble colouring in which Mr. Jones is hardly able to go wrong is thrown away upon the worn-out mythology and legend he delights in. The largest work, "Astrologia," except as a vehicle for colour, is little above the level of its companion "Marchesa." A set of girls, mostly dressed in green, and gracefully grouped in a landscape of full June leafiness and greenery, allows one a glimpse of what Mr. Jones might be if he would take counsel before it be too late of the fair lady Temperance, and, like a true knight of old, change his boyish device for one that she would give him. But there seems something in this year's atmosphere unfavourable to our draughtsmen in the Society. Even Mr. A. Fripp, in his gipsy girls, falls below the high mark he generally aims at, and which he has reached in his young sailor lad, which is like a piece of sunlight let bodily (if the word be admissible) into the wall.

Space fails us even to touch on the styles familiarized to us by Mr. C. Smith, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Gastineau. What may be called, under certain reserves, the older manner in landscape is represented by Mr. G. Fripp with his usual tender suavity and serene grace. Whether in the wild Ossianic region of Morven ("Kinloch Aline Tower"), or the placid levels of Berkshire ("Haymaking near Shiplake"), he is able to catch the tone and atmosphere of his scenery; and his drawing of the nearer surfaces is singularly perfect. Compare the little grassy plateau of the Highland tower, thinly laid over broken rocks, with the "shining levels" of meadow in the "Shiplake"; or, again, the summer brightness and air of the latter with the gathering cloud and spacious atmosphere of Morven. Mr. Naftel has not reached such mastery over his art; purple especially has the better of him, nor does he always select manageable subjects. The upper region in the "Val d'Aosta and Mont Blanc" wants weight—the quality above all others essential to the rendering of a mountain, although one undoubtedly which it is very difficult to render. Compare, in this respect, the "Entrance to the Caledonian Canal," the most impressive of several careful works sent by Mr. A. Newton. The nearer trees and foreground are rather raw and uninteresting; but in the hill-sides the artist has successfully united the impression of mass and solidity with the transparent quality which sunshine, as if to perplex the painter, lends to the most solid masses. The interweaving of light and shadow on a furrowed descent in the middle distance should be remarked. Mr. Naftel, on the other hand, has treated his foreground and valley with great skill and

delicacy of colour. Thus these two interesting works supplement each other. A "Sunset after Storm" at Guernsey (an island which owes much to Mr. Naftel's pencil, and will, let us hope, be one day illustrated by Mr. Hook), strikes us as the most concentrated of Mr. Naftel's drawings; the fragments of wreck piled up in the centre have been used with much effect. He has also some refined minor pieces. And we may here call attention to the "Baalbek" of Mr. C. Haag, and Mr. Davidson's "Sunset over the Hayfield."

Mr. S. Palmer and Mr. Holland, each in his way, might be also said to belong to the older generation of our water-colour landscapists. The first is our most charming living representative of that school which was wont to use a word now rarely heard, "composition." Although capable, when he thinks fit, of more varied efforts, Mr. Palmer mainly restrains himself within the circle of those sunset effects over hill and wood to which he gives a peculiar idyllic character. Mr. Holland's less finished work may, we suppose, be ranked with the sketchy style which old David Cox and William Hunt (in his rarer landscape attempts) carried to unusual perfection. Although not equalling Mr. Burgess in his admirable power of painting architecture as such, yet, in pearly tenderness of tint, and refined harmony, Mr. Holland stands by himself; but his drawings—the largest now exhibited is an example—strike us as apt to be too scattered in their effects. Goethe might have called them "musical," but their song goes "dispersedly," like the chorus of spirits in the *Tempest*. So accomplished an artist has probably a definite intention in each, but he does not always appear to render it sufficiently prominent. Something of the same want is occasionally felt in the works of another distinguished contributor, although, of course, sketching is not the fit word to employ in the case of Mr. Alfred Hunt. This artist—whether in the noble "Durham," which comes nearer Turner in some leading points than any other painter's work, or in the meadow scene and the view at Ambleside, which are less successful—always interests, from the attempt, not less evident in his work than in Mr. Madox Brown's, to try new ways, to evade no difficulties, and not to be discouraged by what to the ignorant spectator or the ingenious theorist may seem comparative failure, from the high aim of widening the bounds of art.

Like Mr. Whistler when he gives us a landscape in oil, Mr. Boyce, by the same almost magical veracity of tone, rarely fails to stamp his scene, whatever its natural capabilities, with unity. We shall not repeat the little analysis of his style which was attempted last year, the drawings now sent by this artist retaining the same high and poetical quality which they have uniformly displayed, with perhaps a more varied or a more carefully-selected choice of subject. The "Inn at Pangbourne," and the two views on the ragged edges of woodland scenery (second screen, 263 and 270), may be named as the most felicitous. But the singular power of Mr. Boyce is seen not less in the "Gate at Newcastle" and the view of a manufactory or railway station in the North, where only this all-subduing quality of truth, united with broad serenity of treatment, could have brought the subjects within the range of art. With more confidence in the "inner vision and faculty"—not less needed by the painter or the poet than the power of accurately seeing and faithfully rendering nature—there seems no reason why Mr. Boyce should not achieve greatness.

REVIEWS.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.*

WE lately had occasion, in reviewing M. Gachard's remarkable publication on the history of Don Carlos, to dwell upon the melancholy features of that most tragic of all the episodes of a gloomy and sanguinary reign. It is refreshing to turn from the miserable picture of Philip's unhappy son to the chivalrous figure of his bastard brother, Don John of Austria, whose fame and popularity at one time so brilliantly "topped the legitimate." A halo of romance surrounds the hero of Lepanto even in the pages of historians writing in a spirit most hostile to his house and his religion; and Mr. Motley himself is irresistibly attracted by the charms and fascinations which nature had so generously bestowed upon one whose blood was that of Charles V., but whose fame was all his own. Don John, indeed, himself, short as his career was, outlived both the height of his glory and the most cherished of his dreams, and died a disappointed and almost a broken-hearted man. We may smile at the over-heated enthusiasm with which the whole of Christendom greeted the barrenest victory for which *Te Deums* have ever been sung, and may be unable to conceal our satisfaction at the frustration of schemes the realization of which would have at all events retarded for many years the development of the freedom and greatness of our own country. But the very fact that time and fate were stronger than the restless ardour of the hero of Lepanto may incline us to be more sparing of half-cynical comments on the futility of a life which was never mean or ignoble, and to be less ready to sum up a character deserving some sympathy, even from Protestant posterity, as one possessed by "a personal and tawdry ambition."

Professor Havemann's *Life of Don John of Austria* is a well and

* *Das Leben des Don Juan d'Austria*. Von Professor Dr. Wih. Havemann. Gotha: 1865.

fairly written attempt to supply what has, strange to say, hitherto remained a gap in historical biography. The only previous life of Don John of any importance is a Spanish publication of the seventeenth century; and though many more recent historians—Rankine, Prescott, and Motley among the number—have found ample occasion to recite his deeds and give their estimate of his character, the present attempt is the first to employ the many new materials for the purpose of a monograph on a prince who was once the favourite theme of every poetical scribbler in Europe. Professor Havemann's pen appears to be little habituated to general history, and, while full of appreciation for his hero, he never falls out of a style which is continuously calm and occasionally a little dull. His account of the Moors, and their tragic struggle against the Cross and the Inquisition, certainly cannot be said to rival Prescott's more elaborate narrative of the same episode; and he lacks the thorough-going veneration for William the Silent which most English readers have been taught to expect in a Protestant and liberal historian treating of the great Netherland revolt. His view of the character of Philip is at the same time moderate and just. He scruples to insinuate where he cannot prove, and completely absolves the King from the accusation which Considérant and others have brought against him, and which Mr. Motley seems half reluctant to relinquish—of the murder of his half-brother.

The rumours which assigned to imperial and royal princesses the honour of having given birth to the hero of Lepanto have long been exploded, to be occasionally revived only by modern French successors of the ingenious Brantôme. But why Mr. Motley, apparently for the sake of antithesis, should designate Barbara Blomberg as a "washerwoman," and talk of the "booths of Ratisbon mechanics," is probably best known to himself. All the Spanish accounts agree in stating her to have been of gentle birth—the daughter, it would appear, of one of those burghers of a Free Imperial City with whom Charles V. was always fond of associating, and from whom, at critical periods of his fortunes, he derived material aid and support. In any case, she was a lady sufficiently tender of her own ease and dignity; and she exercised no influence whatever on her son, whom she is said to have never beheld after the day of his birth, except on one single occasion when she met him in the Netherlands during his Governorship. The care of Don John's childhood was confided to the excellent Luis de Quijada, who, like all those brought into intimate relations with him, seems to have loved him with an affection bordering upon idolatry, and, on the occasion of a fire, saved his ward first, and his wife in the second place. Quijada is one of the characters with which Spanish history abounds, and which go far to console us for the treachery and falsehood of the period of Philip II. It is these very characters upon whom French novelists and dramatists are wont to fix as exquisitely comic—a notion with which, we confess, we have always been unable to reconcile ourselves. The attempt to hide the life of Charles V.'s illegitimate son in the same obscurity in which his father was voluntarily terminating his own had soon to be given up as impracticable, and Don John was allowed to take up an ambiguous place at Court, by the side of Don Carlos. The relations between the princes—one favoured by fortune, the other by nature—were necessarily peculiar; but Mr. Motley has, we think, misrepresented the case in stating "a deep animosity to have always existed between the Prince Royal and the Imperial bastard." That Don John should have informed the King of Don Carlos' intended flight, communicated to him in a confidence not of his own seeking, was nothing more or less than an unavoidable act of duty, and failed to prevent the Infante from bequeathing to Don John in his will various cups and other tokens of affection.

The impetuous adventurer himself commenced his military service of the King against the will of the latter, and it was only by submitting to the royal order to return to Madrid from a wilful attempt to join the fleet at Barcelona that he at last obtained the desired post of *capitan general de la mar*. It was not, however, at sea that his first laurels were to be gained. He was, indeed, rarely allowed, any more than Philip's other servants, to choose his own path to fame. The first undertaking confided to the ardent young prince was the subjection—or rather the annihilation—of the rebellious Moors. But even this inglorious task he was not allowed to perform on his own responsibility, being saddled with a junta of counsellors whose decisions were in the last instance to supersede his own. In this position he was entrusted with the execution of one of the most cruel acts of Philip's reign, the wholesale expulsion of all the Moors of the Alhambra. The responsibility of the measure does not rest with Don Juan, to whom the whole undertaking soon became utterly distasteful. He was hampered by the express order of the King, whose jealousy never slumbered from the first, to abstain from taking the field in person, and to remain at Granada; and it was only when released from this command that he was at last able to flesh his maiden sword in the capture of Guejar, and soon after in that of Galera, where he laid the foundation of his fame for personal intrepidity. The remainder of his stay at Granada was occupied with the execution of the royal order for the deportation of all the Moors. That he was no mere unfeeling instrument is proved by the following passage in a letter written by him to the King, though it is difficult to imagine even a youthful brother thus addressing Philip II. :—

The number of the Moors conducted out of Guadix is very great. . . . To-day the last troop has departed under a heavy snow-storm, so that on the

road many a mother will lose her daughter, and many a wife her husband, for ever. My heart was sore at the sight. For can there be anything more miserable than the depopulation of a whole empire?

Soon, however, he was to be engaged in an enterprise more befitting his temper and spirit. After a protracted negotiation of fifteen months, the Spanish, Papal, and Venetian Governments had at last concluded the holy League against the Turk, which was to be a perpetual alliance for the destruction, not only of the Sultan, but of his African vassals at Algiers, Tunis, and Tripolis. A few months after the conclusion of the League, Cyprus had fallen into the enemy's hands, whose eyes were already directed to an attempt upon Dalmatia. At last Don John, named Admiral of the League, seemed to have found a meet enterprise for his soaring ambition. But Philip's instructions accompanied the Admiral on board of his galley, and forbade him to undertake anything except with the consent of the commanders over whom he had been placed as chief. But the day of Lepanto was his own, even if, as Mr. Motley remarks, it was so because it was an occasion when "personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded." The victory, the news of which drove all Christendom mad with triumph, was wholly wasted by the jealousies of the allies. Philip forbade Don John to rejoin the other fleets at Corfu, and commanded him to remain for the present inactive in Sicily.

It was during this forced inaction at Messina that Don John seems first to have indulged in dreams of an ambition which nothing could induce the mean envy of Philip to gratify by raising him to the rank of an Infante of Spain. Albanian envoys were offering him a crown, and the Christians of Rhodes were craving his personal intervention, when the selfishness of Venice, which concluded a separate treaty of peace with the Sultan, put a sudden end to the existence of the League whose career had commenced in such a blaze of glory. All hopes of an Eastern kingdom were now at an end, and Don Juan's eyes turned westwards. The death of Charles IX. of France made him dream for a moment of the French crown, and soon after we find him entreating the good offices of the Pope for his establishment as King at Tunis. But Gregory XIII. had conceived a more arduous and lofty mission for the impetuous adventurer. His predecessor's efforts to determine Philip to a crusade against Elizabeth of England had failed; and the Holy Father now dangled before the eager eyes of Don Juan a prize the tempting brilliancy of which became henceforth at once the ideal and the bane of his life—the hand of Mary Queen of Scots, and with it the united thrones of Scotland and England.

In the midst of these schemes he was surprised by an order from Philip to resign the command of the Spanish fleet and repair as Governor to the Netherlands. Mr. Motley seems to imply that this appointment gratified the inmost wishes of the Prince, as the best means of furthering his ulterior schemes. M. Havemann dissents both from this view and from the unsupported statement of the Spanish historian Strada, who ascribes the original idea of the appointment to Pope Gregory XIII. Don John had expressly empowered his confidential companion Escovedo, on a mission of the latter to Madrid, to decline such an appointment for him by anticipation. His letter to the King, given by Gachard, manifests no very joyous acceptance of the office; but there is no doubt that the hope of finding in it a means of carrying out his cherished designs against England made it palatable to him. Moreover, the perfidious Perez had actually hinted that the expedition to the Netherlands might very possibly incline the King at a later period, from motives of gratitude, to favour the English scheme.

With whatever hopes Don John started on his romantic journey to the Netherlands, they were doomed to be cruelly and bitterly disappointed. The troops which he had hoped to lead to the conquest of the heretic island he was himself obliged to dismiss in accordance with the *edictum perpetuum* of 1577. Yet the policy of which this manifesto was the result, and which was to break the power of William of Orange by concession, only succeeded in throwing him back for a time. The spoilt child of fortune found himself confronted by a statesman who knew how to mould even misfortune to his ends, and who possessed the inestimable advantage of knowing the end for which he worked, while the Spanish Governor was labouring in the dark, and at times with only half a heart. Thus it is not wonderful that his combination of the policy of Granvella with that of Alba did not succeed in extinguishing the revolt, and it may be doubted whether a much better politician could have achieved any different results. The insurrection soon flamed up with fresh vigour; and "without an army and without money," as M. Havemann well sums up the position, "Don John was to champion the rights of the crown against a people in revolt, and bring upon his own head their indignation, in order to draw it off from the King's."

Before he died, at the early age of thirty-two, Don John was destined to learn what it was to serve King Philip of Spain. He was to renounce for ever his dreams of a crusade to liberate the Scottish Queen and place her by his side upon the English throne. He was to be betrayed by Perez, and to see his trusted friend and counsellor, Escovedo, murdered at the instigation of the same dark and wily foe. Once more, at the battle of Gemblours, he was permitted to revive the memory of his early exploits. But the niggardly King, now unwilling to strike as he had once been unwilling to spare, did not permit him to follow up his victory. His life ended in forced inaction and hopeless gloom. Happily for

the cause of liberty and Protestantism, happily also for the English name, the plot of assassination formed against him by two English adventurers failed. Unlike his great adversary, he was to die no violent death; for, as we have stated above, there is no evidence to connect his brother's name with an event which, moreover, could have brought the latter no possible gain or advantage even in his own eyes. For Philip had already succeeded in extinguishing the daring ambition which had once provoked his petty jealousy, and Don John died, as amidst all his dreams he had ever lived, a loyal servant to his King. The vanity of these dreams became manifest to the dreamer himself, and the prince who had stretched out his hands after so many crowns exclaimed on his death-bed, with mingled bitterness and resignation, "How should I not long for the vast width of Heaven, since of the earth not a hand's-breadth is my own?"

MY DIARY IN AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF THE WAR.*

WE have rarely met with a book at once so clever and so difficult to criticize as *My Diary in America*. It is not our object to describe Mr. Sala's personal tastes and feelings, and therefore we turn over the pages of these portly volumes in the hope of finding something which is not coloured by any marked personal characteristics. But the search is in vain. From first to last they are filled to overflowing with their author's peculiarities. To read them is to see America through a medium. We do not say this with any view of depreciating the result. On the contrary, it is the most amusing book of the kind we have ever read, and there is no want of shrewd analysis of American character to serve as a peg on which Mr. Sala may hang his observations. But this is not the thing for which one reads it. There are two sorts of people with whom it answers to take a walk through a strange town—the man who tells you what is known about everything you see, and the man who tells you what he thinks about everything you see. The former is the most useful as a guide, the latter may be the most amusing as a companion. At all events, the latter is the type to which Mr. Sala belongs. What he is looking at is no measure of what he is saying. A great part of this very book appeared in the special correspondence of a daily newspaper, but it would have been quite a mistake to omit reading one of the letters because nothing had happened for the correspondent to write about. The chances were that this very circumstance would make his communication additionally amusing. Thus, one of the best chapters of the whole work, to our taste at least, is devoted to the record of an hour and forty minutes during which the author "waited for the train" at Schenectady, in the State of New York. He begins with the refreshment-room at the station. First of all he tells his reader why he did not eat anything there. He had no appetite, the weather was too hot, and there were too many flies about. Any one of these reasons would have supplied Mr. Sala with materials for a whole chapter. If he had elected to take the first, he would have gone back a step and explained why he had no appetite; or he would have reckoned up a score of other occasions on which he had been indisposed in the same manner; or he would have measured himself against himself, and told of twenty other instances in which his experience had been equally remarkable in the opposite direction. Then his own appetite would have suggested other people's, and we should have had a disquisition on the quantity eaten by all nations and the way in which they eat it, interspersed with ingenious speculations as to the amount of pleasure they derive from the process. The heat of the weather, again, would have been open to pretty much the same method of treatment. But this time the third reason is preferred as a subject, and we are favoured with a sketch of Mr. Sala's American experiences—not, however, confined to the United States—in the matter of flies and insects generally. After a while, he comes to the fare on the refreshment counter, and here it seems the citizens of the great country are no better off than an English traveller at an English railway station. They can take their choice between a set meal, composed of mahogany-looking ham, beefsteaks as tough as hippopotamus hide, and coffee which is simply roasted rye, and a stand-up meal, of which the elements are poisonous spirits, ice-creams, pound-cake, and pie. Then upon the last-named entable Mr. Sala grows eloquent, or at least characteristic:—

The sallow faces, the shrunken forms, the sunken eyes, the morose looks, the tetchy temperament of the Northerners are attributable not half so much to cold-water, candies, tough beefsteaks, tight-lacing, and tobacco chewing, as to unbridled indulgence in Pie. Pie worship is prevalent all over the North; you have Pie morning, noon, and night every day, and all the year round. There is nothing open and above board in Pie. It can be eaten stealthily and in secret. A slice off a cut pie is never missed. I have heard of young ladies who took Pie to bed with them. The "Confessions of a Pie-Eater" have just been published. They are heartrending. Through an unquenchable hunger for Pie, the wretched man who is their subject often incurred in infancy the penal visitation of hickory, and brought the hairs of an aged grandmother with sorrow to the grave. He wasted in gourmandizing Pie those precious hours which should have been devoted to study; and in the end, not only failed to graduate at West Point, but even to marry a niece of the late Daniel Webster. Pie darkened his mind, stupefied his faculties, paralysed his energy. Pie forced him to abandon a lucrative and honourable career for an unsuccessful whaling voyage from Cape Cod. Pie drove him into exile. Deadened to all the finer

moral feelings by this ungovernable lust for Pie, he obtained, under false and fraudulent pretences, a through ticket for California by the Vanderbilt line; but, detected in "smouching a tom-cod" from the altar of the Chinese temple in San Francisco, he was disgracefully expelled the Golden State. It was for purloining Pie—a digger's nontide lunch—that he was subsequently expelled the territory of Arizona. Beggared, broken in health, he deserted his wife and family, drew cheques upon wildcat banks, and voted on the Bell and Everett ticket—all in consequence of Pie. At length, after a course of "shinning round the free lunches" in quest of eleemosynary Pie, and wolfing the hideous meal with Dead Rabbits, Plug-Uglies, and other unscrupulous politicians, he was arrested in Philadelphia for passing bogus notes on the Hide and Leather Bank, and was sent to States Prison for ten years. All owing to Pie.

This long extract is not a bad specimen of Mr. Sala's peculiar and exaggerated humour. "The tale," he adds, "may read very like a burlesque, but there is a substratum of sad truth in it"; and this comment might be applied very appropriately to much of Mr. Sala's own work. The manner of it is so peculiar that we pay but little heed to the matter. And, even if we did so, we should be able to draw but few conclusions either sound or definite from the contents of these volumes. We do not question the correctness of Mr. Sala's statements or the vividness of his observation, but we have no confidence in the accuracy of his ideas of proportion. It is quite possible to convey a wholly wrong notion of the character either of a man or a nation, and yet not to add or leave out a single feature. There are certain comic photographs of public men in which a burlesque effect is produced simply by adding a head drawn on a large scale to a body drawn on a much smaller one, and we cannot but suspect that some parts of *My Diary in America* are written upon this principle. The eccentricities of American society are not invented; they are only painted out of proportion to all the other features. Mr. Sala looks at life with the eye of a humorist, and we cannot be sure that the facts which he describes would have presented themselves in the same light to an observer of a less special and a less strongly-marked idiosyncrasy. And yet, although Mr. Sala is very far from being a model Special Correspondent, he appears perhaps to greater advantage in this than in any other line of literature which he has tried. He is too fond of external portraiture of manners, too superficial in his estimate of character, and too careless of preserving the proper proportion between the principal and the subordinate elements of his story, to make a good novelist. He is too much given to digression, too indifferent whether his beads are strung in order on a thread or thrown down at haphazard on the table, to achieve greatness as an essayist. But in describing "America in the midst of the war" he finds just the occupation which suits him. He has no call to go to the front, so he does not find himself saddled with the duty of writing descriptions of matters about which he knows nothing; and, his object being to reflect a passing phase of American life, there was no particular motive for setting up his camera at one place rather than another, so that he was spared that necessity of taking his observations in a regular order of succession which would have been so troublesome to him as a traveller in time of peace.

We have chosen rather to speak of the form than the matter of *My Diary in America*, because we have no means of testing the correctness of the writer's views of American life and manners, except so far as they coincide with those expressed by other travellers; and to repeat them without such criticism would be merely to epitomize a book which is far too amusing to stand in need of any such aid from us. Perhaps, however, as Mr. Sala has certainly not spared the weak points of the American character, it may be worth while to add his testimony to the many already existing in favour of that virtue of hospitality which, at all events in the case of foreigners, must be held to cover a multitude of sins. It is noticeable, too, that Mr. Sala is the first writer on the subject who has made clear, at least to our apprehension, the cause of the apparent inconsistency between American churlishness and American hospitality. The former is in reality the prickles which are worn to protect the latter from abuse. In travelling, or in public places, you will hardly ever be spoken to by a stranger. There is silence in the hotels, and even at the *table d'hôte*. "If your next neighbour requires the salt-cellar, he extends his arm, points a grisly finger towards the desiderated dish, and in a sepulchral tone utters the monosyllable 'Say'—meaning, 'Give me that.'" The publicity of the life which people lead in the United States, and the necessity of doing so many things in the company of strangers, possibly of swindlers or released convicts, combine to make persons very chary of talking more than is necessary—and their requirements in this respect have been pared down to the lowest standard—to anyone who has not been introduced to them. We have here an explanation of the contradiction which has often been remarked between the lavish and patriarchal hospitality of the Southern planters and the impossibility experienced by some Northern travellers—Mr. Olmsted, for example—of finding any entrance into their houses. The Northerner probably came without introductions, and he remained a pariah from the beginning of his journey to the end. When once, however, this ceremony has been gone through, and the certificate of your identity presented, the innate love of hospitality breaks out all the stronger for the pressure which has kept it down. The very man who growls "say" when he wants a dish, and omits to add "thank you" when he has received it, will now "thank you twenty times over for the most trifling service," stuff you at every meal in the day, fill up the intervening hours with offers of

* *My Diary in America in the Midst of the War.* By George Augustus Sala. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

oysters and strong drinks, and insist upon your accepting, not only hospitality properly so called, but presents of all kinds as well. The passion reaches its acme on New Year's Day. Then, "if you possess five hundred friends and meet them, you will have very great difficulty in escaping the drinking of five hundred drams at five hundred bars, where each of your friends generally finds five other friends of his, so that the number of drinks ultimately reaches two thousand five hundred." These are the dangers which beset the pedestrian; but if he avails himself of a hackney-coach in order to pay the indispensable visits which mark the festival, he cannot escape the more substantial repasts which await him in every house at which he calls; and by the end of the day, if his visiting list be a long one, "his mind is a radiant chaos of oysters pickled, oysters stewed, and oysters fried, of pheasants and ducks and quails, of chicken and lobster salad, of every wine the vintages of France and Germany and Portugal can produce, of a little rare-old Cognac, and peculiar Bourbon." It is obvious that, with hosts of this disposition, nothing but the most rigid abstinence can possibly keep a visitor fit for sustained mental labour; and his readers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Sala for having exercised such continuous self-restraint for the purpose of contributing to their amusement.

CHABAS' MÉLANGES ÉGYPTOLOGIQUES.*

M. CHABAS published two years ago a small volume of Egyptological miscellanies, of which the value was immediately recognised by Egyptian scholars. The task of Egyptologists at the present day is an arduous, but an honourable one; it is that of clearing the ground, and laying the foundations of a science which future scholars may hereafter enlarge and perfect. Such was the task performed by the great founders of classical and Oriental learning in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, through whose labours the profounder philological inquiries of the present day have become possible. In the field of Egyptian investigation few have done better service than M. Chabas, and the second series of miscellaneous dissertations which is now before us will be found not less interesting than its predecessor. The present volume contains fourteen articles of various length, of which seven are by M. Chabas, five are contributed by Mr. Goodwin, one by Dr. Hincks, and one by Dr. Birch. In the first collection, ordinary typography was used for the text, the hieroglyphical groups being printed from wood-blocks cut by M. Chabas himself. The process of preparing these blocks is one of much labour, and compels an economy of hieroglyphical illustration which is a great impediment to the adequate treatment of the subject. Although the *Imprimerie Impériale* possesses a splendid fount of hieroglyphical types, the use of them is so jealously restricted that they are unavailable except for a very small circle of publications. In the present volume, therefore, M. Chabas has resorted to the autographic process, the whole of the work being written with his own hand on transfer-paper—a method which, however laborious, allows the unlimited introduction of hieroglyphics wherever they are needed, insuring at the same time a perfect accuracy of representation which is of the highest value. This was the plan adopted by Champollion for his celebrated grammar, and without it, indeed, the publication of such a work would have been, in his time, impossible. If more generally used, it would certainly greatly accelerate the progress of Egyptian research.

The contents of this work are too technical to be thoroughly appreciated except by those who make a serious study of Egyptology, but several of the dissertations bear directly upon points in which the general public takes a certain degree of interest, particularly those connected with chronology. In the second dissertation, M. Chabas discusses a date which has excited much attention, and which has been the subject of considerable controversy. A portion of a block of stone, now in the Museum at Berlin, extracted from a wall built not many years ago to defend the island of Elephantine from the encroachments of the river, contains a few lines of inscription which have been made the basis of a calculation by the eminent French astronomer, M. Biot, the result of which is to show that the year 1444 B.C. fell during the reign of Tothmes III., one of the most famous of the Egyptian kings. This consequence depends, however, upon several assumptions. The inscription has been understood to mean that, at the time when the temple of which this stone formed a part was dedicated, the dog-star rose shortly before the sun on the 28th day of the month Epiphi, in the moveable Egyptian year. It has been inferred, from certain indications, that the king who dedicated the temple was Tothmes III. Supposing all this to be true, M. Biot's calculation will hold good. Now the date thus obtained is one utterly at variance with the chronological arrangement of Dr. Lepsius, who places the king in question a hundred years earlier. Yet there seemed so much *prima facie* reason for the above-mentioned assumptions that the Prussian *savant* had no better way of getting over the difficulty than to suggest that the sculptor must have made a mistake, and written the wrong month; had he named the preceding month—Payni, instead of Epiphi—the calculation would put the date about a hundred years further back. Such

a mistake, according to the mode of representing the Egyptian months, does not seem very difficult; in fact, it consists merely in writing the number (III.) three, instead of (II.) two, putting three upright strokes instead of one. Dr. Lepsius refers to several manifest cases of similar mistakes in other inscriptions. A chorus of reprobation has, however, been raised against this mode of getting over a difficulty, which indeed, in the case of an important public inscription of this kind, it is impossible to admit. M. Chabas has subjected to a searching investigation the assumptions upon which the whole calculation is founded. In the first place, why, it may be asked, is it believed that the temple from which the block came was built by Tothmes III.? The reason is that another block, taken from the same wall, and containing a part of a somewhat similar inscription, has preserved a fragment of his name. What this inscription said about him is not clear, but from a careful analysis of the fragment of sentences on the several blocks, M. Chabas makes it appear highly probable that the meaning of the whole is as follows:—The inscription was a calendar pointing out the sacrifices and offerings to be made upon certain days of the year, which had been instituted by some king whose name has been lost, in addition to those which had been founded by his predecessor, Tothmes III. One of the newly-instituted sacrifices took place on the 28th of the month Epiphi. The connexion of this particular date therefore with Tothmes III. vanishes altogether, and we have at best only determined that the year B.C. 1444 fell in the days of some king who came after him. M. Chabas, however, cuts away even this conclusion, for he doubts whether the word supposed to express the rising of the dog-star has that meaning at all, and thinks it more probable that it refers to a procession in honour of this star. Such processions, in which the images of the gods were carried by the priests on festival days, are frequently mentioned in similar calendars.

To find an eclipse recorded upon some Egyptian monument has been the ardent hope of Egyptologists. "Among all the discoveries," says M. Biot, "that one can hope to make in Egyptian archaeology, none would be more immediately fruitful than this, and it would be sufficient to desire it perseveringly to be almost certain of attaining it." M. Biot's anticipation was justified by the announcement by Dr. Brugsch, in 1859, of such a discovery. This *savant* thought that he had found mention of an eclipse of the moon in a mutilated inscription at Thebes, dated in the 22nd Egyptian dynasty, that to which Shishak, the conqueror of Rehoboam, belongs. Dr. Brugsch's explanation being taken for granted, the eclipse in question was at first identified by Dr. Hincks with one which took place April 4, B.C. 945. Somebody now raised a doubt as to the day of the month referred to in the Egyptian inscription. In one copy, that of Lepsius, it was the 24th of the month Mesori; in another, made by Sir Gardiner Wilkinson, it was the 25th, and this latter is, it would seem, correct. But this reading made Dr. Hincks's identification impossible, and he accordingly suggested that the eclipse mentioned must be one, not of the moon but of the sun, which happened B.C. 927. Other speculations have been made upon this supposed eclipse to little purpose. M. Chabas takes the text in hand, and comes to the conclusion that there is no mention of any eclipse at all, but some public disaster appears to be alluded to. As M. Chabas's conclusions are based upon the text given in the work of Lepsius (*Denkmäler Ägyptens*), which disagrees in material points with Sir Gardiner Wilkinson's copy given in Young's *Hieroglyphics*, we must consider the question not finally decided, and it is thus possible that some allusion to an eclipse may be found in this passage after all. These dissertations, however, illustrate well the mistakes into which scientific inquirers are likely to fall, so long as our knowledge of the niceties of the Egyptian language remains imperfect. It is only by a patient and rigorous study of the grammatical forms that we can hope to obtain from the inscriptions any bases for sound conclusions. The ignorance of the value of a single particle may lead to a complete misunderstanding of a text, and many such cases have already arisen. Such errors, having gained currency and acquired a certain authority, become the fruitful parents of many more, and to cut them up by the roots is the best service which can at present be done.

In the fifth dissertation, M. Chabas discusses the names Ramses and Pithom, the two treasure cities which the Israelites are said to have built for Pharaoh. The monuments and papyri contain frequent allusions to a city called by the name of Ramses, and M. Chabas has collected all the passages which indicate the locality in which it lay. It was not far from the north-eastern frontier of Egypt, and had water communication either with the Mediterranean or the Red Sea, or both, by means of which it was abundantly supplied with the products of foreign countries. There can be little doubt that it was the principal city of Goshen, which the Septuagint calls the land of Ramses. A letter has been preserved, by which it appears that a certain foreign people, called Aperu, were employed in the construction of its buildings. The name of this people, as M. Chabas had already pointed out in the first series of these Egyptian miscellanies, corresponds exactly to that of the Hebrews, and the identification has been pretty generally accepted as well-founded. As the document which contains this remarkable passage is one of singular interest, M. Chabas has given a facsimile of it (the original is at Leyden), for the benefit of the curious who may wish to inspect a contemporary memorial of the sojourn of Israel in Egypt. The city of

* *Mélanges Égyptologiques*. Deuxième Série. Par F. Chabas, de Chalon-sur-Saône. Comprendant des articles de MM. C. W. Goodwin, Dr. Edw. Hincks, et Dr. S. Birch. Chalon-sur-Saône: Dejussieu.

Pithom is not so easy of identification. M. Brugsch sees in it the Egyptian name of a fortress, Pachtom, mentioned several times in the papyri in connexion with the city of Rameses; but M. Chabas, with more probability, identifies it with a place once mentioned in a papyrus in the British Museum, Pei-thom, that is, the house of the god Thom, which also lay somewhere in the same neighbourhood.

The interest of these identifications lies principally in the question whether they determine that Rameses II., the builder of the city Rameses, was the celebrated oppressor of the Israelitish race. There is a school of chronologists who maintain that Israel left Egypt some centuries before the reign of this king, and those who believe the contrary have been denounced in no measured terms as the enemies of truth. To support this view, it has been necessary to create imaginary cities, and to make other assumptions incompatible with the admission of the correctness of the writer of Exodus. M. Chabas sets these gentlemen an admirable example of moderation. He remarks:—

That which we chiefly wished to prove is the abundance and importance of the documents which admit of the connexion of the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt with the reign of Rameses II. All impartial minds will agree with us, that very strong reasons are required to make us reject so imposing an assemblage of characteristic facts. We wished to make it clearly understood that the hypothesis of the existence of a place named Rameses, at an epoch anterior to the Pharaohs of this name, rests absolutely upon nothing, and can have been ventured upon only by a writer very little versed in Egyptian archeology. We might, perhaps, boast of having produced in the original texts many facts which agree exactly with the data of Scripture. However, we shall take good care not to appeal to Scripture in favour of our views, and shall confine ourselves to claiming the right of honest examination without being exposed to unjustifiable accusations. We will just say one thing more to our adversaries—Take care what you are about! your chronological speculations put Moses back two hundred years before Rameses II., and in so doing you get rid of all possible synchronisms. Have you no fear that the enemies of religion may gladly seize upon your calculations? If these calculations are right, they constitute in reality the most important fact that can be appealed to in disproof of the antiquity and authenticity of the Pentateuch.

The seventh dissertation is devoted to the minute analysis of a passage in the Egyptian romance of the Two Brothers, which had not hitherto been satisfactorily explained. M. Chabas has here attempted, by the transcription of the Egyptian words into Coptic letters, to indicate the degree of resemblance which there is between the old language of Egypt and the new. The text in question presents, from the simplicity of its character, peculiar facilities for doing this, but M. Chabas advocates the use of the Coptic alphabet for the purpose of transcription in all cases, in preference to the various modifications of the Roman alphabet that have been proposed by other scholars, most of which, it must be confessed, disguise the affinities of the Egyptian roots in a very inconvenient way:—

The Coptic alone [says M. Chabas] can give an exact idea of the Egyptian, which is but its ancient form. It would be quite as unreasonable to renounce the use of Greek type for the text of Homer, or of the Arabic type for printing the Koran, as of the Coptic for the transcription of the ancient Egyptian.

The Egyptological student will find this analysis full of instruction, and we should be glad to think that its publication may help to extend the class to which this title may be applied. The want of elementary works is no doubt felt by many who might be disposed to approach this tempting subject, and the time seems to be come when something of the kind might be attempted. The truth is, that the most advanced Egyptologists are too sensible of the preliminary state in which their science yet remains to desire to venture upon setting up landmarks, destined perhaps to be shortly swept away. M. Chabas has added to the present volume a glossary, which will be found of some utility, but it only comprises groups occurring in the previous treatises.

POPULAR GENEALOGISTS.*

WE have more than once had occasion to express our wonder at the power of faith manifested by Sir Bernard Burke. But it has not been exactly in our line to meet him directly face to face. If he or his fellows go palpably wrong in matters of general history—if they devise imaginary pedigrees for Kings and Emperors, if they make statements about the names and titles and holdings of smaller people which history teaches us are impossible—in such cases we are able to bring them to book. But we do not profess to carry at our fingers' ends the exact pedigrees of all the "Landed Gentry," or even of the whole Peerage of the three Kingdoms. There is room, consequently, in these obscurer regions for Sir Bernard to romance a good deal without our finding him out. We are therefore not sorry to find him met directly on his own ground by one who seemingly knows all about it. Some canny Scot, who does not give his name, but who seems to know the great-grandfather of everybody both in England and Scotland, has challenged Sir Bernard to mortal combat. We might have found out Sir Bernard if he had gone wrong about a Plantagenet or a Valois, but here is an adversary who can at once pounce upon an imaginary Coulthart or an unauthenticated Bonar. As truth is truth, and as it is worth attending to alike about small matters and great, it is well that somebody should undertake this part of the business, and we welcome our Northern ally with pleasure.

* *Popular Genealogists; or, the Art of Pedigree-Making.* Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1865.

We must not, however, suppose that he deals only with the small fry of genealogical invention. He begins at the beginning, with the Kings; after striking a blow or two among them, he comes down to the peerage; and, after a few more strokes there, he winds up with the Coultharts, Bonars, and the rest of them. Our author's special indignation is aroused by Sir Bernard's allowing so many people to quarter the royal arms, sometimes of England, but more commonly of Scotland. Without going deep into heraldic mysteries, we had certainly always been given to understand that no man had a right to quarter the arms of his mother or other ancestress unless such ancestress was an heiress. Consequently, merely to prove female descent from any given King assuredly gives of itself no right to quarter the English leopards or the Scottish lion. But it is still more amazing when Sir Bernard authorizes people to quarter the royal arms who are not descended from any King at all. Here is a Scottish case:—

Thus, in the *Heraldic Illustrations*, the coat of the family of Forbes-Leith of Whitehaugh is depicted as quartered with the pure coat of the royalty, avowedly on no better ground than that the mother of the present representative of the family was a daughter of a younger son of the family of Stewart of Shambelly, "a descendant of the royal house of Stewart." The Stewarts of Shambelly prove on examination to be remote cadets of the Earls of Galloway, whose ancestor was Sir John Stewart of Bonhill, an offshoot from the main line of the Stewart family before the marriage of the Stewart of Scotland with Marjory Bruce, which brought the crown to his descendants. They therefore cannot be said to be of the royal house of Stewart at all.

Our author's general judgment on Sir Bernard's genealogical performances runs thus:—

To return to the *Peerage and Baronage*, there are a few instances in which the "lineage" of the peerage families is tolerably correct, and two or three in which it is extremely correct; but unfortunately these are exceptional cases. Confusion and blundering are the more general rule, without even an attempt to preserve consistency in error.

We will pass on, however, to the great case of Coulthart of that ilk, but also of Ashton-under-Lyne. It appears that an ex-Mayor of that borough lays claim to a pedigree at which one simply stands aghast:—

The Coultharts are of the highest antiquity in the south of Scotland, and derive their name and descent from Coulthartus, a Roman lieutenant, who, according to Tacitus, contracted marriage with Marsa, dau. of Kadalyne, chief of the Novantes, and thereby acquiring possessions at Leucophibia, settled in that part of North Britain, soon after the decisive engagement under Agricola at the foot of the Grampian mountains. In Ptolemy's time, Coulthartus dwelt near Episcum; and Bede records that in A.D. 707, descendants of the same Roman officer lived near Candida Cass, which historians agree refers to the same locality—namely, the Whithorn of modern maps. In the early chronicles, we find John de Coulthart, a lineal descendant of Coulthartus, actively engaged as a cadet under Walwein, in resisting the encroachments of the King of Northumbria, when that powerful prince subdued the Strathclyd Britons, and added the kingdom of Galloway to his other possessions.

Now who is the forger? Hardly either the ex-Mayor of Ashton or the Ulster King at Arms. But there is a forger at work. The thing is really too bad. One does not expect truth in a pedigree; without a certain exercise of the mythopoeic gift, the thing would be "vara flat." Of course we expect to find in England that the hero's ancestors came over with William the Conqueror, or in Scotland that they did some exploit in the service of King Achaius. We take this as a matter of course—as a sort of invocation of the muse of genealogy. We see, after a great gap, that a nearer ancestor had a grant of abbey lands from Henry the Eighth, and we begin to think the following steps, if not true, at least possible. But the impudence of quoting Tacitus, Ptolemy, and Bede beats everything we ever heard of. The thing is evidently a hoax—just as much a hoax as those records of the doings of Nebuchadnezzar which the editor of the *Morning Advertiser* was made to believe were to be found in manuscripts in the Royal College of Surgeons. But who played off the hoax, and on whom was it played off? We gather indeed from our Scottish friend that this stuff, which appeared in the *Landed Gentry* for 1849, has disappeared in some later editions. But that matters not; it has appeared; somebody has believed it or pretended to believe it; and such a state of mind cannot be wiped out merely by being afterwards ashamed of the invention or delusion. The thing has been done and cannot be undone.

πῶρον γὰρ αὐτοῖς καὶ θεὸς ἀρπίζεσθαι,
ἀγίνετα τοῦτον ὅσο' ἂν ᾖ πεπραγμένον.

But let us go on:—

"As further evidence of the great antiquity of the Coultharts, it may be mentioned that there is carefully preserved by the present representative of the family, a marriage settlement, bearing date the twenty-first year of the reign of King Kenneth III., made between one Angus de Cumín near Quhytherne, of one part, and Waluin de Cumín and Rowland de Duffus, of another part, whereby certain lands situated near Quhytherne were conveyed in trust to the said Waluin de Cumín and Rowland de Duffus by the said Angus de Cumín, in contemplation of her marriage with William de Coulthart and Langmore."

"Jeshu, Master Slender, can you not see but marry boys?" It is rather a remarkable circumstance that both the parties to this marriage were of the male sex; but perhaps this was not unusual in the twenty-first year of the reign of King Kenneth III. It has been hitherto believed that the very earliest written legal instruments in Scotland belong to the closing years of the eleventh century; but this relic of conveyancing before the Conquest must upset all old-fashioned historical notions, besides proving the "early chronicles" all in the wrong in asserting that King Kenneth III. reigned only eight years, from 997 to 1005. Surely the possessor of this unparalleled antiquarian treasure could be induced to allow it to be exhibited to his brother Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. One of the Vice-presidents of that body is more deeply versed in early Scottish writs than

any man living, and he, in common with all the other students of charter literature belonging to that Society, would doubtless take an interest in so great a novelty.

And so it goes on merrily, the Coulthart pedigree being made out by imaginary marriage, by such slight changes as turning *Calder* into *Coulthart*, by placing an "admiral of the fleet" in the sixteenth century, and a captain of the Royal Artillery in the reign of James the Fifth, by inventing a book for one of the family to have written, but which book is unknown in any library, English or Scotch, by quoting deeds sealed with leaden seals, by grants of arms from Malcolm Canmore, and lastly by a seal with the legend of "Sigillum Coultharti" without any Christian name. The absurdity of some of these things is obvious; to take in the grotesqueness of others requires more or less antiquarian knowledge; but all the world can stare at such a wonderful person as this—

Richard, a major in the army [of King Charles II., who to avoid persecution when Oliver Cromwell was proclaimed Lord Protector, fled beyond seas, and never afterwards returned from exile].

We hope that our critic is not himself romancing when he tells us the following story. He had just mentioned the book attributed to Richard Coulthart of that ilk, the *Economy of Agriculture*, which long formed a text-book to the farmers of Scotland:—

Being curious in all that relates to the history of agriculture, I was disposed to hail with delight the prospect of meeting with a work on the Geopics of Scotland as practised before the Union. But alas! I sought in vain for the "once celebrated work" in the great libraries of England and Scotland, whose keepers, strange to say, not merely had never heard of it, but were sceptics enough to deny its existence. In the course of my researches, however, I stumbled on a book by another member of the family, which, though rare, is to be found in the British Museum Library—namely, "*The Quacks Unmasked*," by P. Coltheart, Surgeon. Printed for the Author, and Sold by the Booksellers of London and Westminster. 1717." I know not where the author's place may be in the family tree, but would beg earnestly to recommend a perusal of this excellent work to the present noble chieftain.

We cannot undertake to go through the whole of the Bonar pedigree, but we must give two stages of it, including the starting-point:—

"An ancient tradition in this family, which is of French origin, thus accounts for the name assumed by one of their earlier ancestors, Guilhem le Danois, a valvassor of Aquitaine (claiming descent from the Danish Vikings, who sailed up the Loire in 842, and founded a colony at Angers), who, after giving a complete defeat to a band of Pagan Northmen, during one of the many invasions to which France was in those times subjected, was blamed by many at the Court of France as sacrilegious, because he had set fire to the Abbey of St. Blaise sur Loire, in which the Pagan freebooters had entrenched themselves and their blood-stained booty; but the then King of France approved of what the valiant knight had done, and turning from those of his Court who blamed the valvassor, exclaimed, in the rude Latin of that day, "*Bona res! Bona res! Conspicui Dei et regis!*" from which royal words the knight was thenceforth called Guilhem de Bonares, which appellation has descended as a patronymic to his race. This family settled in Scotland, apparently not before the close of the twelfth century, under King William the Lion, who invited over many French knights; and the Bonares preserved in their new country the same rank among the feudal chivalry of the kingdom which they had held in their native land, and which they also enjoyed in all the different countries of Europe, to which several branches migrated from Scotland as early as the thirteenth century. Full details of these lines of the Bonar family are to be found in the following authors: Okolaky, Paprocus, Miechow, Sinapius, Spenerius, Bucelinus, Schiekfusius, Henelius, Gauben, Mushardus, and Niemcz."

I regret not having been able to procure copies of the writings of these authors, which ought surely to be in every public library in Britain.

Our critic is naturally most attracted by the Scottish side of the story; for us its Aquitanian aspect has at least an equal charm. When was all this? When did Guilhem le Danois live? Who was the King of France? Guilhem could hardly have fought against his own ancestors, but, if not, against whom did he fight? And how comes one man to be descended from a whole colony of "Vikings"? It is nearly as wonderful as the peculiar sort of marriage practised in Scotland in the days of Kennethus the Third.

The second Bonar point is this. Our critic complains, naturally enough, of the monstrous things granted in modern times as coats of arms, and refers to a work by a Scottish herald, Mr. Seton, who has collected some strange instances from the first quarter of the present century:—

All his examples, however, are outdone by a coat actually granted in Scotland to one of the Bonar family in 1812, which may be considered as the *ne plus ultra* of Prince Regent heraldry, and is probably unparalleled by anything else to be found in the books of the College of Arms of either kingdom. The actual recorded blazon is, "Argent, a saltire and chief azure, the last charged with a dexter hand proper, vested with a shirt-sleeve argent issuing from the dexter chief point, holding a shoulder of mutton proper to a lion passant or, all within a bordure gules." This coat first appeared in print in Berry's *Encyclopædia of Heraldry*, in 1824, where it was erroneously alleged to be a recent grant of the English, not the Scottish, College of Arms.

Now let us see what this comes to in the pedigree of Bonar:—

John Bonar, second feudal lord of Keltie, who had fought with his father and brother at Arbroath in 1445, and at Bannockburn in 1448, assisting at a grand tournament at Falkland, in which, amongst other diversions, a combat of the King's lions and leopards was to be shown. One huge lion broke from his den, and rushed towards the Queen's tribune; when this baron, seizing a piece of flesh provided for the feeding of the animals, flung himself before the lion, whose attention he thus drew on himself, and then killed him with his dagger; in commemoration of which bold feat the King granted to him a chief on his coat of arms, charged with a lion rampant, encountered by two hands clad in steel gauntlets, of which the sinister bears a piece of animal flesh, and the dexter a poniard. This chief is seen on many seals of the Bonar family, and is blazoned in many of the heraldic works.

We think this is enough. Genealogy is not the most exalted of all subjects, but it is, after all, one of the subsidiary branches of history, and whatever is to be done at all should be done with truth and accuracy. The worst thing about these pedigrees is that they are evidently invented; they are deliberate fictions; no amount of mere blundering and inaccuracy can account for them. If you meet a man named Bruce, and he wants you to believe that he is a legitimate male descendant of King Robert, the probability is that he has simply never stopped to think that, if so, he ought to be King of Scots. But no such mere stupidity could have invented the sham pedigrees of Coulthart and Bonar, the impudent references to Tacitus and the like. Against the existing Coultharts and existing Bonars we need bring no heavier charge than that of being easily gulled into believing what it was pleasant to believe. But how about Sir Bernard Burke? We do not for a moment suppose that he has invented all this; but credulity of this sort is much more blameworthy in an Ulster King at Arms than in an ex-Mayor of Ashton-under-Lyne. But there must have been a deliberate forger somewhere. For the credit of his own pursuit, Sir Bernard Burke is bound to unearth him.

THE HILLYARS AND THE BURTONS.*

PROBABLY no living novelist is less fit than Mr. Henry Kingsley to treat a subtle moral question or to describe a conflict of delicate motives. His warmest admirers would be very chary of giving him credit for the least insight into the profundities of character. He has a clever knack of drawing rough but vigorous sketches of the outsides of things, and he understands the mental composition of plain honest folk, and the way in which they are likely to be affected by a few simple external circumstances. He is a capital copyist within a certain limited range of subjects, but none of his previous books have displayed either creative power or faculty for analysis. Nor, indeed, from merely reading the book itself, could anybody have supposed for an instant that Mr. Kingsley's last story was intended to put any moral question, or to illustrate the working of opposite sets of motives. But, like more conspicuous men, Mr. Kingsley has learnt the utility of prefaces. A preliminary page draws the reader on to the right scent, and what we should have taken for a tolerably interesting story of the simple and straightforward kind is declared to be an artistic attempt to put before us "a very important social question, a question which (thanks to the nobleness of our women) comes *en visage* to us continually." The author modestly apologises for this tremendous question being "so very poorly handled." Handled! But, unaided, no one could ever have conjectured that there was any question in the book. Those who read *The Hillyars and the Burtons* in the magazine in which it first appeared cannot help feeling horribly guilty when they reflect how they got through each successive instalment without even a suspicion that they were looking on at a grave moral contest between two hostile principles. In one respect this makes Mr. Kingsley's story surpassingly truthful. In real life we have no idea of all the mental struggles that are raging in the breasts of the people we meet at "drums," or dinner-parties, or in the Park. All kinds of fierce passions and fearful conflicts may, for anything we know, be agitating a seemingly tranquil hostess or an apparently self-possessed and reasonable partner in a waltz. Just so, in the story, the conflict in Emma Burton's mind is repressed in the presence of the reader with the strictest regard to the prescriptions of decorous and well-bred reserve. The heroine gives herself so few airs that, but for the benevolent preface, one would scarcely have recognised her exalted position. She neither says, does, nor, so far as we can judge, even thinks anything which justifies the author in looking upon her as an illustration of an important social question. How far an illustration is successful, when a signpost is needed to point out what it is designed to illustrate, must be considered extremely doubtful.

What the nobleness of our women so continually brings before us—or, to be quite accurate, "*en visage* to us"—and what Mr. Kingsley's story is meant to handle, is the old question of the respective claims of love and duty. "An uneducated girl, who might, I fancy, after a year and a half at a boarding-school, have developed into a very noble lady, is arraigned before the reader and awaits his judgment." The charge is, "that by an overstrained idea of duty she devoted herself to her brother, and made her lover but a secondary person." But "I am instructed to reply on her behalf that, in the struggle between inclination and what she considered her duty, she, right or wrong, held by duty at the risk of breaking her own heart." Mr. Kingsley supposes "that most people have their opinion on the old question between love and duty," but he has used all his best art in putting it before the reader, and leaves us to draw our own conclusions. Unluckily, however, the question is never put at all. This solemn exordium falls hopelessly flat. Its insufferable modern mannerisms of "I fancy," and "I am instructed to reply," as if the author were not talking of fictitious people all the time, do not by any means help to make it more pointed. Is it supposed to be funny, or to make things lifelike and real, when a novelist takes us aside and in pompous phrase discusses the probable motives and possible prospects of a parcel of spectres? But, apart from this, Mr. Kingsley has not described the position fairly. The

* *The Hillyars and the Burtons*. By Henry Kingsley. 3 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1865.

question which Emma Burton's conduct suggests, so far as it can be held to suggest anything, is not whether a girl ought to sacrifice love to duty, but whether it is a girl's duty to go and keep house for a deformed brother who can very well manage to keep house for himself, and who eventually marries the only really nice woman in the book. Mr. Kingsley's solemnly-proposed problem appears to be just one of those questions which, if properly put, contain their own answers. People congratulate themselves on living in an age when the artist does not think the most commonplace incidents and motives of human life unworthy of his most careful treatment. But surely it is a mere caricature of a moral dilemma to make a girl sacrifice her lover rather than let a grown-up brother, perfectly well able to take care of himself, go to live alone in a strange town. It would scarcely be more absurd to compile a tragedy out of the tribulations of a maiden aunt lest her favourite nephew should sleep in a damp bed, or go out in wet weather without a muffler and goloshes. Emma Burton "ran the risk of breaking her own heart," in order that her brother Joe, a singularly confident and selfish young man, might have somebody to keep his house in order and sew his shirt-buttons on. If the author had not written his explanatory preface, this view of a contest between inclination and duty would have struck no living reader. We should have taken Emma Burton for a very fair representative of one of those foolish beings who put themselves and all their friends to the utmost possible inconvenience, out of a dull and inexplicable kind of perversity. Such girls never face or recognise their dilemmas, nor quietly reason out a plan of conduct. They determine, on inscrutable grounds, to adopt a certain course, almost always the very worst that is open to them, and then they cling to their determination with a hateful obstinacy which nothing can stir or affect. The world unfortunately so abounds with these creatures that they are tolerably easy to draw. The only curious thing is that the author of the preface did not recognise his own sketch, but mistook a girl endowed with sheer perversity and wrongheadedness for a noble heroine in woful distress and perplexity. The mistake is not particularly amazing. Mr. Kingsley draws his characters honestly from life, but, after putting in all the external and visible features, he has to rely upon his own penetration and insight into human nature when he wants to interpret them, and here his strength does not lie. He is like a portrait-painter who can do everything but catch the right expression.

Even this eulogy, scanty as it may appear, can scarcely be given to Mr. Kingsley without qualification. For instance, though taking the individual from life, he seems to make up the group from imagination. He has endeavoured to represent the Burtons as a family overflowing with mutual attachment and devotion, and in one sense the picture is a successful fulfilment of his design. Still the colouring is dreadfully overdone. Of course we must all be quite willing, when sitting at the feet of anybody called Kingsley, to admit that a blacksmith, and a blacksmith's wife, and a blacksmith's children are capable of a great many much finer things than any of your merely well-bred and well-educated folks. A belief in the unbounded virtuousness and magnanimity and deep religion which lie under the rough exterior and coarse speech of what they are pleased to call "God Almighty's gentlemen" is a postulate in all Kingsleian literature. Even granting this, however, most people will find the Burtons rather too gushing and good to be quite credible. When Joe is able to walk without crutches, and Emma first sees it, "her great soul rushed into her eyes," and she exclaimed to Jim, "This is your doing, my own brother; may God bless you for it." Surely this enthusiastic form of address is not common or probable among the children of Chelsea blacksmiths. On another occasion, Emma says something which displeases Joe for a moment; but Joe speedily recovered, and at once "limped towards her and kissed her." Emma reciprocates the attention by putting her arm round his neck and then drawing his face against hers. Jim afterwards gives her a mild reproof for displeasing Joe, but she only "folded her hands, sweet saint, as if in prayer," and "ran to me, and nestled her noble head against my bosom, and called me her own sweet brother." In fact, Emma seems always to be leaning her head on Jim's shoulder, and calling him "darling," and "my own," and "sweet-heart," and telling him "how precious" her lover is to her. Brothers and sisters are in truth the very last persons in the world to make these stazy displays of affectionate feeling to one another. Tom Tulliver is a much truer type of brotherliness than Jim Burton. Of course, however, it must be remembered that we are not in the presence of ordinary mankind, but of "great gentlemen's souls" and "workhouse-bred noblemen." Nobody but a great gentleman's soul, or perhaps a German, would think, at one or two and twenty, of addressing a comrade as "my dear friend." The familiarity with which everybody addresses everybody else as "old chap," "old man," and "old fellow," ought to be very effective and genial, but after a time it becomes peculiarly wearisome. In truth, Mr. Kingsley has pitched his notes a great deal too high. A lad, for example, reproaches himself for having a hand "red with a brother's blood," because he has given an insolent elder brother a bloody nose. The virtue and unspeakable gentleness and gushing sentiments of this crew of workhouse-bred noblemen and noblewomen are so overdone that a little plain humanity, in all its coarseness, would be quite a relief.

The reliefs, however, with which Mr. Kingsley actually favours his readers are of a thoroughly original kind. Lady Gerty Hillyar is to his story what the low-comedy man is to a play at the

Victoria. She is a silly, almost half-witted, woman, who talks in indescribable nonsense, which Mr. Kingsley thinks it worth while to transcribe at most wearisome length. A sheep-dog, for example, barks furiously at her. "Don't be frightened, love," she cries to her baby, "it is only a sheep-dog, he won't hurt us;" then, to the dog, "You'll catch it, sir. I'll give it to you, sir, and so I tell you. How dare you? Come here, sir; do you hear, come here this instant, and don't let me hear another word out of your head." Or, again, there is a quarter of a page taken up in telling us that "by the time the baby, just now called Kittlekins short for its real name, George (George, Georgy-porgy, Porgy, Poggy, Pug, Pussy; Kitty, Kittles, Kittlekins; by what process of derivation his later and more permanent name of Bumbles was evolved I confess myself at a loss to explain)," &c. &c. Fancy a novelist like Mr. Henry Kingsley stooping to write irritating rubbish of this sort by the page! or telling us how "Fred, being started for a run in his night-shirt, the last thing before going to bed, had incontinently run into the back kitchen, climbed on to the sink to see his brothers, Harry and Frank, pumping the kettle full for the next morning, slipped upon the soap, came down on one end and wetted himself. My mother was in favour of airing a fresh night-gown, but Emma undertook to dry him in less time." Is this wit, or humour, or realism, or some new-fangled literary Pre-Raffaellism? And the same may be asked of the episode in which "at this moment my father dreamt of the devil, and had to be punched awake by my mother, lest he should pass into that fourth and dangerous state of mesmeric coma, as did the young lady spoken of by that acute scientific reasoner Dr. G—, in which case, as every one ought to know, it would have become necessary to mesmerise some one else nineteen to the dozen, to fetch him back again before he got into the fifth state, which is the deuce and all." And then, as if this pointless nonsense were not enough, we are informed how "my father awoke and accused my mother on the spot of having had the nightmare, in consequence of having taken too much vinegar with her trotters at supper." How a man with Mr. Kingsley's cleverness can, in cold blood, sit down at a table and write page after page of this inconceivable combination of silliness and vulgarity, is truly difficult to understand. And it is the more difficult when we remember how many passages descriptive of Australian scenery there are in the book, full of beauty and the purest kind of force. If nobody else would have ventured on such feebly audacious nonsense as may be found in the story, nobody else could have described so admirably the lull after the cyclone, or the snakes winding their way along the sea-shore, or the first impressions of nature in Australia. After all, the fact of such a novel having been written at all is a much more extraordinary psychological phenomenon than the composition of any of its imaginary characters.

A GREEK NATIONAL KALENDAR.*

THE Greeks seem determined to keep themselves before the eyes of the world in one way or another. And one way seems to be by the yearly publication of the handsome volume before us. Each volume, however, strikes us with the same feeling of incongruity. A great part of the Greek National Kalendar is essentially an advertisement; a great part of it is clearly not meant for Greeks, but meant to arouse an interest in other people about Greece. The difficulty which strikes us is how this interest can be aroused to any extent worth naming, when the advertisement is itself in Greek. Modern Greek is so little studied that no one is likely to be able and willing to read a modern Greek book, unless he already takes a considerable interest in Greek matters. However, we suppose the editor of the *Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον* knows best, and it is certainly a very pretty book that he gives us. It is—so a French advertisement at the end tells us—"le seul livre d'étrangers qui existe en langue grecque." The contents are of the most varied kinds. "Besides the usual contents of an almanac," as our own Moore Improved used to say, it offers us, in its own words, "des romans, des récits de voyages, des poésies; des travaux inédits sur l'histoire, les sciences, la littérature; des renseignements statistiques, commerciaux." In short, the "farrago libelli" is something like the oracles of the Sausage-seller:—

περὶ Ἀθηνῶν, περὶ φακῆς,
περὶ λακταϊμονίων, περὶ σκόμβρων νίων,
περὶ σοῦ, περὶ ἰμοῦ, περὶ ἀπάντων πραγμάτων.

There is a large collection of views of landscapes in Greece, and a still larger collection of portraits of Greeks, or of persons in some way connected with Greece; but how two large plates of Japanese soldiers—we suppose *Ἰαπωνία* is Japan—have got into such company we cannot at all divine. The plates, however, seem to be put in without any reference to the text. One hardly sees why Archbishop Germanos should be put opposite to a Cretan song about *Κατερίνα*; and there is something odd in finding Lord Byron surrounded by *Ῥώσι, Παλαιοῖ, Γαῖοι, and Γρίγοι*, which last name puzzled us somewhat, and we think its owner may fairly ask to be promoted to his natural *Γρηγόριος*.

The series of descriptions of modern Greece and classes of

* Ἑθνικὸν Ἡμερολόγιον τοῦ ἔτους 1865, ἐκδοθὲν ὑπὸ Μαρίνου Π. Βρετοῦ. Ἐν Παρισίοις, Rue des Saints-Pères, 19. ἰν Ἀθήναις, παρὰ τῷ φωτογράφῳ Κ. Δημητρίῳ Κωνοστατίνῳ.

people in it, headed *οι νεώτεροι Έλληνες*, is continued from last year's volume, and contains a good deal that is curious and amusing. But it is clearly meant for foreign and not for Greek readers. Greek readers can hardly want minute accounts of the manner of life of their own newspaper writers, their own brigands, and their own politicians. But a foreigner may pick up a good deal out of all this. First of all the French formula "*homme de lettres*" has no exact equivalent in Greek; *συγγραφέας* and *λόγιος* mean something different; they do not express that a man lives by his pen (*ἐκθρονον ἐπὶ λαδὶ ζῶντα ἀπὸ τοῦ καλάρου του*). So Mr. Vretos is driven apparently to invent the phrase *ἀνθρώπος τῶν γραμμάτων*, though, by his account, the pure "*homme de lettres*" is rare in Greece, most public writers having some other office or business as well. Before the War of Independence there were no publishers; some rich patron, some merchant, prelate, or high official, had a book printed at his own cost, and either gave away the copies himself or left them for the author to sell. Now there are publishers, and publishers get rich in Greece as well as elsewhere. They are the great fishes and the authors the little ones (*ὅπως καὶ ἀλλοῦ οἱ ἰσθῆες εἰναι οἱ μεγάλοι, καὶ οἱ συγγραφεῖς οἱ μικροὶ ἔχουσιν*). The classics sell well; so do practical books, dictionaries, medical books, law-books, and so forth. Of the means to procure a sale for philological books of wider aim (*τὰ ἱερὰ τοῦ κέλους τούτου φιλολογικὰ*) we have a curious account. It must be done by subscription, and, of all the people in the world, the King's Ministers for the time being, especially the Minister for Foreign Affairs, are expected to collect subscriptions. The Minister does not refuse; the prospectus is printed by the King's printer, and is sent to all the Greek consuls and agents everywhere. The author makes his thankful bow to the Minister, and awaits the result. But no result comes; the consuls write back, or the Minister says that they write back, that the times are bad (*οἱ καιροὶ εἰναι λίαν δύσκολοι*), that none of the people who have been applied to have chosen to subscribe. The author is much disappointed, but he still keeps all his thankful feelings towards the Minister. He does not know the secrets of the Foreign Office. As we are not sure that Mr. Vretos has any right to expose them, we will at least veil them in the decent obscurity of his own language:—

Ὁ ἀγαθὸς ἀνθρώπος! ἂν ἰδύνατο ν' ἀναψήσῃ ἐν τοῖς ἀρχείοις τοῦ ἐπὶ τῶν ἐσωτερικῶν ὑπουργείων, ἥθελεν ἀπαντήσῃ τὸ πρωτόγραφον ἐγκυκλίου πρὸς πάντας τοὺς ἐν τῷ ἐσωτερικῷ πράκτορας τῆς Ἑλλάδος τοιοῦτον τινὸς περιχομένου· "Συγγραφεῖς κατὰ τὸ μᾶλλον ἢ ἦσαν ἀξίωτοι μᾶς παρακαλοῦσιν ἵπτανιλημμένους νὰ συνστήσωμεν τὰς περὶ συνόρων εἰς τὰ συγγραμμάτα των ἀγγέλλας αὐτῶν ἀναγκαζόμενα πολλὰς ἀκούτες νὰ ἐισακούσωμεν τῆς αἰτίας των, καὶ οὕς εἰσποιοῦμεν περὶ τούτου ἵνα ἐνεργήτῃ ἐν περιστάσει συμφώνως πρὸς ταῦτα.

If the Minister really interests himself in the matter, the results are very different.

But let us suppose that all difficulties are got over and that the book is at last printed. Then begin other difficulties on which Mr. Vretos does not hesitate to bestow a stronger name—*τότε ὅμως ἀρχίζουν ἄλλα μορτίρια*. Some of the subscribers won't pay, and there is another class of tormentors. Friends who have shammed dead (*τὸν νεκρὸν προσποιηθῆναι*) while the warfare—Mr. Vretos' word is *στρατία*—for subscriptions was going on, now come to life again and ask for a copy for friendship's sake. The request is a compliment; if you send them away, they come again; you must either sacrifice a copy of your book or turn a friend into an enemy. Mr. Vretos tells us of an author who answered in such a case that he had no copy left. "But you must have kept one for your own use. Lend it me." "I can't; it is gone to the binder." "Very well, I will wait till it is bound." And so, a fortnight after, he writes again for the loan, which Mr. Vretos hints would be a loan not likely to be repaid—*γράφει νὰ τοῦ δανίσῃ (ἢ χάρισῃ) τὸ ἐν λόγῳ βιβλίον*. It must certainly be hard at this rate for a man to be a pure "*homme de lettres*," living by his pen.

The chief sale for Greek books seems to be not so much in the Kingdom as in the Greek-speaking districts of Turkey. Greece—so at least we are told—exports yearly into Turkey books to the value of 80,000*l.* sterling, and would export much more did not piracy (*τυποκλοπία*) greatly prevail at Constantinople, Smyrna, and Thessalonica. The women, especially in the lower ranks, read more diligently than the men—no wonder, in a land where there are *πρωτοβάμια* and *δευτεροβάμια* *παρτεναγωγία*. Mr. Vretos complains of the large prices charged by the Athenian publishers, and hints, not unreasonably, that, if they were lowered, they might sell larger editions. He also comments on the passion of his countrymen of all sorts for almanacs, which perhaps accounts for the form of the present work.

As a comment on the way in which books are begged in Greece, we will copy, capitals and all, a notice which appears at the end of the book:—

ΕΠΙ ΟΥΔΕΜΙΑ ΠΡΟΦΑΣΕΙ ὁ Κ. Βρετός ΔΥΝΑΤΑΙ ΝΑ ΔΩΕΗ ΔΩΡΕΑΝ ΟΥΔΕΝ ΑΝΤΙΤΥΠΟΝ τοῦ ΒΟΗΘΙΚΟΥ ΗΜΕΡΟΛΟΓΙΟΥ. Ὅσα ἀντίτυπα δοθῶσι χάριν βιβλιοθηκῆς καταλογίζονται εἰς βάρος αὐτοῦ, πρὸς δέδικτα φράγκα καὶ πενήντα ἑκατοστὰ.

Besides the making of books in Greece, Mr. Vretos gives us some curious particulars as to the making of newspapers. For instance a certain poet says—to a Minister we suppose—"Give me office, or I will write a newspaper" (*ἢ ὑπούργημα μὴ εἶδεις, ἢ ἡμερησίῃ γράψω*), which, as Mr. Vretos says, does not greatly differ from the

more vulgar threat *τὸ βελάντριον ἢ τὴν ζῶην*. Indeed the threat of putting a man into the newspapers is common on all occasions:—

Γνώριμός μου κυρία, ἡναγκάσθῃ ποτὶ ν' ἀποβάλῃ τοιοχγράφον τινα ὑποπάρσαντα τοὺς τοίχους τῆς οἰκίας τῆς. "Θὰ τὴν βάλω εἰς τὴν ἡμερησίαν," ἔκραξε φέγγων ὁ δωκομόνος τεχνίτης.

The *λῃστής* and the *κλέφτης*, according to Mr. Vretos, are two distinct characters—the *κλέφτης*, contrary to his etymology, being the more exalted of the two. The *κλέφτης* was the half-robber, half-patriot, of the type of Barabbas and of the "*quidam latro publicus*, Willelmus Waleys nomine." But his mission came to an end with the liberation of Greece (*ἐπὶ ἧς ἐλευθερώθῃ ἡ Ἑλλάς, ἢ ἀποστολὴ τοῦ κλέφτου, ἦτοι τοῦ ἀνθρώπου τοῦ ἀγνώστου ὑπερασπότης*); there is nothing left now but the more ignoble *λῃστής*. No doubt, in the days of Turkish occupation, even so irregular a form of patriotism as that of the *κλέφτης* had its use, though we suspect that their value, even in the War of Independence, has been much exaggerated, and that much more was really owing to the long endurance and unflinching determination of the people at large. But at any rate now, if people are robbed and murdered, it is a subtle distinction to inquire whether they are *κλέφται* or *λῃσταί* who rob and murder them. Nor does it make much difference whether the brigands are by origin Ἀλβανοὶ ἢ Ἕλληνες, or belong to a more mysterious race called *Σαρακατσάνοι*. Be they Jews, Greeks, barbarians, Scythians, or anything else, they are equally to be put down, if the Greek nation wishes to hold up its head in Europe. It is indeed highly probable that the wretchedly marked frontier between enslaved and independent Greece may throw many difficulties in the way of putting down brigandage immediately on either side of the frontier; but this does not apply to Attica, and it is not so very long since some people or other, whether *κλέφται* or *λῃσταί*, Ἀλβανοὶ ἢ Ἕλληνες or *Σαρακατσάνοι*, it is not for us to guess, were committing horrible atrocities close to the capital itself.

There is a great deal more in the book; popular songs, tales, translations, and various other things, and, what is not the least curious, a letter to the Editor from which we learn that the old question of Boyle and Bentley has been revived at St. Petersburg. A Russian scholar, or, more likely, a Greek scholar settled in Russia, Mr. Kontorgas, has written in defence of the genuineness of the letters of Themistocles. The correspondent of the *Ἡμερολόγιον*, Asopios by name, reserves his own judgment.

Towards the end of the volume Mr. Vretos begins a sketch of his own life, which is to be continued in future volumes. He was born at Karpenesi in Ætolia, seemingly a little before the beginning of the War of Independence. He tells us some tales about his childhood which most people would have left for a posthumous biography. His father was a captain of *ἀρματωλοί*, that is, neither of sinners nor of charioteers, but of the irregular Christian troops or police in the Turkish service. The *κλέφται* and the *ἀρματωλοί* had much in common, and men passed from one class to the other without much difficulty. His account of his mother, whom he likens to a Byzantine picture of the Panagia, we will leave to the original:—

Ἡ μήτηρ μου (γαλαίῳ μῆτερ!) εἶνε τὸ μόνον πρόσωπον, ὑπὲρ ἐνθυμώμαι εἶναι περιπαθὺς· οὐδ' αὐτὴ, ὡς ὁ πατήρ μου, μ' ἰδώνυσσέ ποτε, τὸ βλέμμα τῆς οὐδέποτε ἱπληρώθῃ τοῦ διαροῦ ἐκείνου φωτός, μὲν' οὐδ' ἀλκοῦσιν αἱ μὴτίρες τὰ φίλατά των, καὶ οὐδέποτε συνέτησιν ὁ δολιχόμορος μου τὸ μεδλάμ τῆς. Σήμερον, ὅταν ρίψω τυχόν τὰ βιβλίματά ἐπὶ τινος Βυζαντινῆς εἰκόνης τῆς Παναγίας, νομίζω ὅτι βλέπω τοὺς χαρακτῆρας τῆς μητρός μου· μεγαλοπρεπείς, ἀλλὰ ψυχρά καὶ ἀσυμπάθεις καλλονῇ. Ἐσθάνομην ἱερῶς ὅτι με ἡγάπα παράφορος, ἀλλ' ἦτο φῶς ἀμετάδοτος, χαρακτῆρ ἰθυσμένος νὰ καταστῇ τὰς ἐνθυμώσεις του, καὶ μόνον στιγμιαίᾳ ἀλλὰ φωταῖναι τινες ἐκλάμψεις προέιδον τὴν μητρικὴν τῆς στοργήν.

He soon lost his mother, and then was sent to an aunt in the Ionian Islands. His father left him with this injunction—*ἔχε τὴν κατάραν μου, νίε μου, ἂν ἀρνέσθῃς τὴν πίστιν σου καὶ δὲν ἐκδέχῃς τὸν θάνατόν μου*. Presently he was impaled by the Turks. The boy Marines was then ten years old. Soon after a benevolent Society sent him with eight other orphans to Switzerland, seemingly to Geneva, for education. He complains bitterly of the holidays when the native boys had homes to go to, and he had to stay *κατὰδουλοῦς* εἰς τὸ κατὰ τοὺς μοναστήριον. At sixteen an unknown uncle sent for him to Corfu, and took him into his mercantile house. Commerce however did not suit him, and he passed over to continental Greece, seemingly to take service in the army of King Otho. Here we leave him, just landed at Patras. The story is told with spirit, though one wonders at parts of it being told at all. The natural feelings of a boy brought up among such scenes are brought on very forcibly. How Mr. Vretos got transferred from the Greek army to the editorship of the *Ἡμερολόγιον* at Paris we have still to learn. We find that he is a different Vretos from the author of a work on Bulgaria, Ancient and Modern, which we reviewed some years back.

A WINTER IN ALGERIA.*

THERE is a well-known anecdote of a sailor who rejoiced greatly at finding a stray parcel, but expressed some natural dissatisfaction on discovering that it contained nothing but tracts.

* *A Winter in Algeria*, 1863-4. With Illustrations. By Mrs. G. Albert Rogers, Author of "*The Folded Lamb*," and "*The Shepherd King*." London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston. 1865.

We are afraid that Mrs. Rogers' account of her visit to Algeria may prove equally disappointing to some profane persons. If it is not confined to tracts, they at least occupy a prominent position in its pages, while it resounds with religious controversy, and is pervaded by the atmosphere which is familiar to the frequenters of Exeter Hall. These peculiarities, however, will be merited in the eyes of another class, and many readers will probably thank us for calling their attention to a few of the more striking facts and interesting remarks which the book contains. For statements respecting the history or the climate of Algeria other travellers may be consulted, but for sound uncompromising abuse of the religion and morals of its inhabitants, whether Roman Catholics, Turks, heretics, infidels, or Jews, recourse should be had to the diary kept by Mrs. Rogers. This gives her work a flavour of its own, redeeming it from the insipidity of purposeless travel. Always having a distasteful object in view, she was able to keep her mind from stagnation, to impress the stamp of acerbity on her daily observations, and to preserve her thoughts on religious matters from becoming obscured by tolerance or charity.

Mrs. Rogers left England on the 19th of October. Of her journey to Paris she is unable to give a detailed account, for "the rough five hours' crossing was not favourable to literary effort"; but with her arrival in that city commences her fund of original information. As a specimen of its merits we may extract a touching anecdote about the present Emperor:—

"Mamma, I wish I was an Emperor too, and could have a great many soldiers," said Louis Napoleon, some forty-five years ago. Does he ever recall his mother's words? Placing her hand on her young son's head, Queen Hortense replied, "My son, it is no enviable lot to wear a crown. It is but too often affixed to our brow with thorns."

After spending a few days in Paris, Mrs. Rogers proceeded on her journey, and reached Marseilles without undergoing any inconvenience beyond what may have arisen from the fact that at all the refreshment stations "digestion is out of the question, from the brief space of time allowed for the exercise of one's gastronomic powers." The voyage from Marseilles to Algiers also was performed without much suffering, and it appears to have been not altogether unfavourable to "literary effort," for it gave rise to the following novel observation:—"These vessels, so we are told, do not carry sufficient ballast, and whenever this is the case, steamers and human beings are much alike." This sentence seems a little obscure, for it is difficult to conceive how a steamer under any circumstances could look like a human being; but it may possibly refer to the habit of smoking which morally under-ballasted human beings are apt to contract.

Suggestive as are her remarks on the journey, it is from the date of her arrival in Algiers that Mrs. Rogers' diary becomes most eminently instructive. It abounds with strange statements about the native inhabitants, and it affords some singular information respecting the European colonists. No other writer, as far as we are aware, has noticed the fact that "when a Moorish infant is born, he is his hair what it may, it is invariably dyed red." The marriage law of the Kabyles also gives rise to some interesting statements. We are not sure that we follow the author's meaning in her remark that the Kabyle is allowed four wives, but that, "in multiplying his spouses even to this mild extent," he "makes a legal surrender of his independence in an inverse ratio to the increase of his acquisitions." But there is no obscurity about the ensuing paragraph. "During the day he is permitted to enjoy himself as best he can, but at sunset he becomes the sole property of one of his wives, who take it in turn to spend the evening with him alone, and keep him in charge till break of day." Among some of the tribes, however, the women have but scanty legal protection, as appears from a sad story told on the authority of "an elegant Arabic scholar," to the effect that an Arab chieftain who had happened to see a man summoned into court in the city by his wife, and condemned by the judge on her complaint, immediately returned to his desert home, seized the unoffending wife of his bosom, and almost beat her to death, by way of avenging on her "the affront which had been thus offered to the lordly sex." Of the appearance of the African ladies Mrs. Rogers is not able to give a very flattering account, except in the case of the Jewesses, of whom she says, with the scholarly humour which lends so great a charm to her descriptions, "They never wear stockings, and their heel, consequently, as some Frenchman says, is vulnerable, as was Achilles." Unlike his, unfortunately, there is little sign of theirs having been dipped in the Styx, or in any other river.

From the people among whom she was thrown Mrs. Rogers received no small kindness, but she is unable to speak of them as highly as she could wish. Of the English residents in Algiers we are sorry to hear that "this little community seems absorbed in balls and parties," and that they are addicted to reading not only "trash," but even "pernicious literature. Sad as it may seem, the English visitors are usually reduced to novels. 'What else can we get?' is the too frequent reply to any remarks on the unsatisfying, if not poisonous, tendency of such literature." And as to the tone of their religion—"Christianity which denies the divinity of Christ, and Zulu rationalism, striving to exp and mine the very foundations of revealed religion, have, alas, too much abounded." But if the English were bad, the French were worse, their manners and customs being such that Mrs. Rogers "could not help feeling the almost impossibility of attempting, in such a spot, to bring up a child to fear the Lord and to reverence His Sabbaths." The

officials of Algiers vied in politeness towards their uncomplimentary visitor, from Mr. Churchill, the English Consul, one of the heroes of Kars ("where," we are surprised to hear, "his knowledge of Persian was invaluable"), and M. Mercier, the *Préfet*, who was, strange as it may seem, "a liberal-minded man, although a Roman Catholic," to the Duke and Duchess of Malakoff, to whose civilities, however, Mrs. Rogers was unable to respond. "We have been honoured," she says, "with repeated invitations to the Governor-General's balls, but with every disposition to be sociable, and to see everything worth seeing in Algiers, we felt it to be out of the question to join in amusements in a foreign land which we should avoid in England." She was, however, fortunate enough to make acquaintance with the Duchess, whom she describes as very pleasing, and of whom she remarks, by way of acknowledgment of her proffered hospitality—"She is young compared to the Duke, and the marriage was a *volens volens* affair, made up by the Empress after the fair Spaniard had twice refused him her hand."

As soon as Mrs. Rogers was fairly settled in her new abode, she began to make preparations for an active campaign against the errors of "the arch-impostor Mahomet," and the "pernicious effects of the semi-popish, semi-infidel teaching" to which her French neighbours had been exposed. Having armed herself with a goodly store of tracts, she distributed them freely in all directions, if not with success, at least with self-satisfaction. Together with her husband, she laboured perseveringly among the "Jews, Moors, and nominal Christians" who surrounded her. "It would be a great comfort if one could speak the languages," she remarks, but at all events she did as much as could be done by nods and becks and smiles. The Arabs are represented as responding at once to what were to them unwonted offers, for "the Roman Catholics are forbidden to make any attempts to rescue them from Islamism." This is of the less consequence, however, as, according to Mrs. Rogers, the natives may as well remain Mohammedans as become Papists. "Unless," she remarks, "the word of God is given them, conversion from one religion to another would avail little." To such conversions, indeed, she is probably of opinion that little hindrance would be offered by the ghostly enemy, for she informs us we are not to suppose that "Satan in any age, or any clime, would ever interfere with any mere ceremonial observances, be they Christian or Pagan, Jewish or Mahomedan." The Arabs whom she met on her rambles readily accepted her tracts, which was a source of great encouragement to her, although her hopes were a little damped by the Consul's assurance "that none of the poorer classes can read"; and of the Jews we are told that "they very readily receive, and assure us they read, the Hebrew tracts we give them." With the Roman Catholics she waged an unending warfare. Nothing that they could do ever gained a word of praise from her. On one occasion a church was pointed out "which is being built, so our driver told us, entirely by charity, and the workmen, who are giving their services gratuitously, work at it every Sunday." A less uncompromising foe might have been seduced into an expression of sympathy with these poor labourers doing their little best to assist in erecting a Christian church in a heathen land. Not so Mrs. Rogers. She instantly "asked who it was had said they were not to work on the Sabbath day," and extinguished the driver on the spot. She appears always to have had the best of an argument with a "benighted" opponent, and her diary abounds in such passages as that which concludes the record of a controversy with a Sabbath-breaking cook:—

I think she must, in the further course of our conversation, have gleaned that no other priest but the One within the veil could pardon sin; for, some time after, she came to notify that she was going to mass, adding, "I am sure I wish I had a better religion, but till I have I must attend to my own."

Mrs. Rogers was greatly pleased by "the welcome accorded by the French soldiers to tracts." That true politeness may still be found in the army is evident from the fact that, on one occasion, "a tract was offered to a French soldier, who sat himself down to read it aloud, pronouncing it repeatedly *bien joli*." It almost seems a pity that our Government did not distribute tracts instead of medals among the French troops in the Crimea, for our decorations do not appear to have been as well appreciated as our sermons. We are informed that Mr. Rogers, "seeing a medal on the breast of a soldier to whom we were speaking turned the reverse side, turned it round so as to display the effigy of our beloved Queen, to whom he made some allusion. The soldier replied by a contemptuous retort, and reversed it." On inquiry he found that, when the medals were first distributed, the troops almost broke into mutiny, and were not pacified till their officers assured them that "the medals were simply intended to commemorate the gratitude of the English at having been saved by French valour from utter destruction."

One of Mrs. Rogers' boldest attacks was levelled against the Trappist monks. On the occasion of a visit to their monastery, after tracts had been offered and courteously accepted, she had the pleasure of engaging in controversy with one of the brethren. It is unnecessary to say that she completely routed her antagonist, who appears to have been as incapable of replying to her arguments as the other benighted Papists whom she had an opportunity of opposing. As lions fare in the lion-fights painted by men, so do the misguided controversialists who entered the lists with Mrs. Rogers fare in the pictures she draws of their encounters. Soothed by her success in demolishing the sophistical arguments of her Trappist hosts, she parts from them more in sorrow than in anger, but with the remark that "as well might the builders of Babel of

old expect to make their tower soar up into the presence of God, as these zealous, but deluded men, thus attempt to weave their fig-leaf righteousness." With this suggestive metaphor we may conclude our list of extracts from Mrs. Rogers' book. We have only to express our surprise that so active a missionary should have met with so little real success. She may have silenced her neighbours, but she did not convert them. After having compassed sea and land, she might fairly have expected to be rewarded by making at least one proselyte.

JOSEPH LE BON.*

THE name of Joseph le Bon has survived in history as that of one of the minor monsters of the French Revolution. Neither his abilities nor his atrocities have hitherto been thought of sufficient importance to entitle him to much beyond a passing notice—a succinct restatement, as it were, of his credentials and rights to the small niche in the Temple of Infamy which he has long occupied. He is generally considered to have been a Carrier on a reduced scale, a mediocre Collot d'Herbois, a convenient and willing tool of men abler but not more cruel or fanatical than himself. Mr. Carlyle dismisses him in a few contemptuous sentences, and even the profuse Sir A. Alison does not accord him more than a page of obloquy. The volume before us is intended to show that this obloquy is undeserved. It is put forward by M. Emile le Bon, who stands "in the relation of son" to the notorious Joseph, member of the Convention. An attempt on the part of a son to "rehabilitate" a father's memory, providing it be done in a modest and becoming manner, is sure to command a certain amount of sympathetic respect. With M. Emile le Bon's manner we have no fault to find, except that he is the dullest writer, for a Frenchman, that we have met with for a long time. We are willing to admit even that, to some extent, he has succeeded in showing that his father was not quite as black as he has been painted. As much, however, can be proved concerning most prominent delinquents. But this point—namely, the degree of Le Bon's guilt or innocence, which naturally occupies the first place in his filial biographer's estimation—is by no means of equal interest to us. Even Queen Elizabeth's virtue is threatening to become a stale question, and the continence, sobriety, and laudable abstention from excess in homicide which M. Emile le Bon would impress on us as characteristics of his father are points which, at this time of day, are likely to be viewed with considerable indifference by a busy world. To us the interesting portion of this volume consists in the letters, of which the editor has collected a considerable number in an Appendix.

Le Bon's short and turbid history is soon told. The child of poor parents, he was born at Arras in the year 1765, and received, like so many others who afterwards forgot the benefit, an excellent education under the Oratorians of that town. We are not told, in the few scanty details which M. Emile le Bon gives of this portion of his father's life, what inducement led him to choose the Church as a profession. In any case he did choose it, and was ordained priest in the very first year of the Revolution, 1789. It is evident from his letters at this period that he was not only a priest in name, but in zeal and conviction a most fervent one. Exhorting his young friend and pupil Millié to a strict attention to religious exercises, he says:—

You will find among your companions in the Oratory giddy fellows who will speak of the duties of the holy house in which you are as being mere nonsense. I hope you will on such occasions remember what I have often said to you—namely, that if I had the power of beginning over again I would be scrupulous in the extreme not to omit a single one of the exercises prescribed in the Rules. Love your little cell. Regard it as an arsenal where you ought to be engaged in preparing your arms for the day of battle.

Which day is of course Millié's first contact with the world. The letter continues:—

Let your religious faith be established on firm principles. Keep ever in view before you the glory of God and the well-being of your neighbour. It may happen that, while loving your fellow-men, and doing your duty by them, they may prove ungrateful in return. Do not therefore be so heedless as to expect any recompense from them; refer everything to Him in whose sight a glass of water, if it be given in His name, will in nowise lose its reward. And, indeed, without this hope in immortality, and in the crown reserved for the righteous, what motive would have sufficient strength to retain good men in the path of virtue, a path often strewn with sorrow and heart-burning.

It will be seen Le Bon was not only zealous, but singularly pure in the faith, especially in that view of duty which teaches that nothing but an eternal *quid pro quo* is adequate to produce temporal self-denial, even in "good men"; which confesses, with an audible sigh, that it would be very jolly to be wicked and enjoy oneself a little, but under the circumstances it is better not—though, were it not for "cet espoir de l'immortalité," it is very clear what would happen to "l'homme de bien." However, it forms a curious comment on the above letter that the writer, within five years afterwards, perished on the guillotine, an ex-member of the Convention, a Voltairian sceptic, and a Jacobin steeped to the lips in the blood of priests and aristocrats.

Le Bon, who required that religious faith should be established

* *Joseph le Bon, dans la Vie Privée et dans la Carrière Politique.* Paris: E. Dentu.

on firm principles, had no sooner heard the first mutterings of the revolutionary tempest than he suffered his own faith to waver. He soon got into ill-favour with his superiors in the Oratory, from his hardly concealed attachment to the new order of things. He imparted his opinions to his pupils, and in consequence two of these, on one occasion, escaped from the convent in order to attend a revolutionary festival at Dijon. The blame was naturally laid upon him, and, in a paroxysm of rage and offended pride, he started off after the fugitives, and succeeded in bringing them back before nightfall; but at the same time he renounced all connexion with the Oratory, and, taking from his shoulder the insignia of his order, he tore them in pieces. With characteristic levity he repented the next morning, and wished to undo the effects of his rashness; but the astute fathers had taken his measure, and told him that there was no return. He was thus driven into retirement, in which he spent about a year, when the Civil Constitution of the Clergy, promulgated in 1791, again opened for him a path to active life. During his short and troubled career as a constitutional priest he appears to have succeeded in getting rid of any Christianity he had still left. He got married, and in 1792 had become Mayor of Arras. Part of the speech he delivered on the occasion reads like the production of a Transatlantic orator of recent notoriety:—

People of France, it is by your will that your new magistrates are about to be created. Let them only exist for the sake of your happiness. Cowards and traitors will disappear at the sight of you. Surround us continually with your presence; let each one of your servants, on the first suspicion of weakness or apathy, say at once to himself, "The master is looking at me; perchance he has passed judgment upon me already."

He was now on the high road to the bad pre-eminence he soon attained as an unscrupulous revolutionist. Elected a member of the Convention, he became the willing tool of the Committee of Public Safety in all their extreme measures. He was sent by them to his native town of Arras, and was expressly ordered to drown in blood at that place and its neighbourhood the faintest suspicion of disaffection to the revolutionary Government. Two thousand persons are said to have perished on the guillotine during his despotism. Whether this number be exaggerated or not, it is not denied that the number of his victims was immense. He filled his revolutionary tribunal with fit and pliable instruments to carry out his designs, four of his near relatives by marriage being on the jury-list. It is not denied even by his son that he dined publicly with the executioner; the question is only how often he did so. But even in a Republic "one and indivisible," things will not always go right; and, in spite of the freest decapitation of aristocrats, Le Bon was soon destined to have his trials. The division which had declared itself in the very heart of the Convention at Paris had its counterpart in the provinces. The party of Danton and Camille Desmoulins, though vanquished in the persons of its able and distinguished chiefs, was still powerful, and bent upon revenge. Le Bon was irretrievably committed to the party of Robespierre and St. Just. Presently his own jury revolted and refused to execute his murderous decrees. He never lacked impetuosity, with all his weakness, and he at once incarcerated the refractory officials, among whom were the president and the public prosecutor. But the ninth Thermidor was approaching, and Le Bon's course was nearly run. Robespierre fell, and six days afterwards Le Bon was arrested and imprisoned by order of the Convention.

He passed a long lingering year in confinement, hoping against hope that his immaculate Republicanism would save him at last. He evidently could not read the signs of the times and understand the change which had come over the minds of men. He had succeeded during his short tenure of power in making for himself a legion of enemies, and he had not wit nor (it is but just to add) want of principle sufficient to enable him to adapt himself cunningly to the new state of affairs. So he pined in prison and wrote long letters to his wife. There is a singular want of dignity and pathos about these letters, considering the circumstances under which they were written. It would be absurd to compare them, even by way of contrast, with the letters of Madame Roland and Camille Desmoulins when in a similar position. But the nature must be thin and poor to no ordinary degree which, sitting captive within near view of the scaffold, is not visited by some touch of poetic feeling and deep emotion. This is only one among the many proofs which show that the average standard of French character had at that day degenerated to a level which it is now difficult to realize. In this fact, if in no other, the *ancien régime* is condemned, and the Revolution vindicated. It is often implied, if not asserted, that the degeneracy of the odious age of Louis XV. consisted wholly, or nearly so, in its frightful moral corruption, and that a "brilliant society," by its intellectual gifts and graces, in part redeemed the foulness that was beside it. But the closer we get to the men of that day the clearer do we perceive the essential flimsiness and shallowness of the whole race. They lacked robustness and strength, and depth in mind as well as in heart. Voltaire, the crowned intellectual monarch of the time, exemplifies this in a striking manner. He has been called "l'enfant gâté du monde qu'il gâta," and his caprices, his furies, his feeblenesses and sillinesses have been dwelt upon as exceptional characteristics of a singular man of genius. His genius was his own, but in his other qualities he was a fair representative of his age. Depth of thought and earnestness of feeling were alike unknown to him and his contemporaries. During and after the emigration, the nobles proved that they were not only debauched,

but incurably stupid. They were utterly incapable of conceiving—let alone carrying out—any great concerted scheme of action. Both at Coblenz and in England, they spent their time for the most part in gambling and in the most virulent mutual recriminations. Utter sterility of heart, under a profuse decoration of *beaux sentiments*; essential narrowness of mind, disguised by a constant affectation of philosophy—these were the usual traits of the average Frenchman of the eighteenth century. Le Bon was as full of *beaux sentiments* and affected philosophy as any perfumed seigneur of the *Château de Bouff*. His letters to his wife are a strange compound of sentimentality and physiology, of fine phrases about virtue and happiness, interspersed with obstetrical remarks upon her interesting condition. Even on the suckling of her new-born baby—which occurred while he was in prison—he feels called upon to philosophize. He had his portrait taken and sent it to her, adding:—

Le médaillon de l'autre côté comprend . . . une femme donnant le sein à un petit enfant, et une petite fille qui la tient par la jupe. Autour on lit: "O mes enfants: serais-je votre mère si pouvant vous nourrir de mon lait je ne le faisais pas?"

A profound remark, doubtless intended in some way or other to forward or vindicate the rights of man, or to work confusion in the ranks of obnoxious aristocrats. But it is in his notions on education that the folly of the man, or rather of the times, is best seen:—

Let it be remembered [he says] that the important point is not so much to form and train our child as to prevent her from deteriorating. Nature! nature! nothing but nature! Pauline is born good; there is, therefore, no question about making her so, but simply to take care that this primitive goodness be not lost. . . . Every thing that she asks for she is to have at once if she wants it and the thing is possible.

If she is seized with the sulks or the tantrums, she is on no account to be punished for it. The only thing to be done is to avoid the occasions which are apt to give rise to these little misfortunes:—"La seule chose à faire, c'est de lui en éviter les occasions." If Le Bon had been able to carry out his principles in the bosom of his family, we think he would soon have regretted the quiet retirement of his prison, and in time might even have come to doubt whether it was not better to lose his head by the guillotine than to have it eternally split by the Bedlam of noises he had done his best to create.

Meanwhile, numerous busy minds were actively engaged in bringing about the final catastrophe, and in getting him on the guillotine who had sent thither so many others. No reactionary Royalist or Federalist took part in this business, but only good sound Republicans and sturdy friends of the people. André Dumont and Guffroy were his most persevering and vindictive enemies. The latter was a fellow-townsmen of Le Bon. The writer of the book before us is at great pains to prove that the enmity of Guffroy to his father arose out of the most unworthy motives of jealousy and offended vanity. This may be, and in any case it is rather creditable than otherwise to Le Bon that such a miscreant as Guffroy—the author and publisher of the infamous paper called "*Rougeur*"—should have been his enemy. One quality Le Bon had which was peculiarly calculated to make him enemies—namely, that he was extremely conscientious in his own way. He does not appear to have been in the least mercenary or grasping, and he stuck with pedantic tenacity to his own very peculiar version of the moral law. This gives him some slight resemblance to Robespierre, who never bestowed a thought on filthy lucre. Like Robespierre also, he was a good deal too conceited and full of himself to read with clear eyes the world of men around him, and to catch the shadows of the advancing future as they fell across his path. Without friends or resources, or a great name to stand him in stead, with nothing but the odium attaching to an ex-agent of a defeated faction, he, after long and cruel delays, took his trial at Amiens. On the 13th Vendémiaire he was condemned, and on the 24th of the same month the sentence was carried out, in the fourth year of the Republic, October 15, 1795. He was just thirty years of age.

Except as a type of a large class, no interest attaches to Le Bon. In the mighty rush of events, in the perfect hurricane of excited feeling which distinguished the first years of the Revolution, individual qualities and powers were borne away like straws on a torrent. The contagious and triumphant manner in which Republican ideas burst through bulwarks and barriers which had stood for centuries is well observed in the singular readiness with which Le Bon, in common with many other priests, relinquished their Catholicism. When we reflect on what priestly education is—on the calm, patient, impenetrable apathy it engenders to all but ecclesiastical interests—some notion may be gathered of the impetus which democratic and sceptical ideas had acquired in 1789, when several hundred priests were found positively frantic with impatience to renounce their creed. It is a warning, perhaps not unneeded at the present day, that old modes of thought and belief are apt to remain apparently intact and stable under repeated attacks from a small but energetic minority of impugners who for the time do not appear to be making much way. Of course it all depends on who those impugners are. But if it happens that they have got hold of a fragment of neglected truth—it may be but a very small fragment—which their opponents, perhaps having a larger measure of truth in the main, are disposed or determined to neglect or suppress, then the chances are that some day, strong

and fair and beautiful to the eye as the old creeds appear, the ground will begin to shake and the time-honoured walls to totter, and that a great ruin will cover the earth far and wide for a season.

THE WORLD IN THE CHURCH.*

THAT men must work and women must weep is not the most cheerful view that may be taken of life, nor can it be said, on the whole, to contain any very profound amount of philosophy, though we may let it pass as a poetic way of putting what is certainly a not uncommon result of enlarged experience of the fates both of men and women. It is not, indeed, as a philosophical theory expressing the true end or final cause of existence, but as merely putting together certain phenomena or concomitants of human life in general, that we are prepared to admit its application. And to attempt to make such an aphorism or generalization the basis of a wide study of human life, or to lay it down as the groundwork of an edifice of fiction, is a mistake which we should be sorry to see develop into a mannerism in the case of so able a writer as the authoress of the *World in the Church*. There has been too much already of this pointless and melancholy distribution of suffering—this dualism, so to speak, of labour and tears, between the male and female portions of society—in other productions of her pen. Her model men seem destined, like George Geith, to be for ever rolling the stone of Sisyphus, working for work's sake, without progress or reward; while the sufferings of her heroines are such as to carry away the reader in sympathy with the torrent of their tears. But if we ask to what purpose is all this toil, and what is gained by the exhibition of all this sorrow, we find it difficult to get an answer. The blows of fortune under which these personages are made to reel throughout are so utterly beyond proportion to any error or wrongdoing of their own, that we are at a loss to see that any purpose of an ethical or didactic kind can be intended by the writer. Her characters come out, indeed, beautifully bright and pure, but they are kept an unmercifully long time in the refining pot. It is hardly in human nature to go through such an intensity of fire.

It is difficult to conceive a novelist peopling her pages with shapes of woe for the mere pleasure of studying varieties of misery, as unfeeling children are wont to stick beetles or cock-chafers upon pins for the mere pleasure of seeing them writhe in agony. Yet so great is the amount of apparently gratuitous misery undergone in the works we speak of as to remind us in some degree of the manner of the most cruel or sombre of the Spanish masters. A gloom so deep descends upon the story at its climax that we are wholly unfitted to enjoy the brief burst of sunshine with which it closes. It may be, of course, pleaded that an artist is not to be limited to purely cheerful and sunny pieces. But, at all events, it is a first law of art in drawing plots that the incidents should stand to each other in the relation of cause and effect; that the joys and sorrows of fiction should be clearly traceable to some standard of moral desert. Otherwise the story becomes a mere transcript of disjointed facts, a handful of beads without a thread, a distribution of good and evil by chance medley or haphazard. The men work and the women weep, but no one can tell why or wherefore. It is all *kismet*, fate, destiny. The writer gives strong intimation of a theory which goes even beyond this sternness and inflexibility. In the objectless labours and unmerited sufferings of good people she sees the children's teeth set on edge by the sour grapes that their fathers have eaten. It is the Nemesis of wrongdoing in generations bygone. "If it be true," she reasons, "that whatsoever we sow we reap, it is still more true, that whatsoever seed parents cast into the earth for their children is ultimately reaped by the latter with tears or with smiles." Men scarcely live long enough to see the whole harvest of their actions garnered, "for even while sowing their own crops of joy or sorrow for the coming generation, their offspring have to thresh out their fathers' grain, and winnow from it curses or blessings, as the case may be." So we go on "casting our bread for evil or for good on the waters of time; and when we are dead it shall return, steeped in brine or sweet with honey, to our descendants." It is a "sorrowful thought," the writer concludes, "but true, that we may not bear the full penalty of our misdoings ourselves, but are forced to leave them a legacy to our children, and our children's children; they escape from our nerveless hands, and pass swiftly on like living creatures from generation to generation."

In this strange crossing of the fatalism of *Æschylus* with that of Judaism, or of Calvin in his sternest mood, one peculiar point of doctrine is that weakness, generally speaking, is made to receive its punishment in this life, while greater faults or crimes await their penalty hereafter. It is the former clause of this wholly arbitrary and not wholly innocuous dogma that has its illustration in the present volume. Without any more grievous fault of his own than an occasional slackness in carrying out the law that men must work, letting thereby a little of the spirit of the world into the Church, Hugh Feering has to pay the penalty of his own and his

* *The World in the Church*. By F. G. Trafford, Author of "George Geith," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

father's weakness through a course of trials long and heavy enough to break down the frame of a Hercules:—

It has often appeared to me, that so far as this world is concerned, the tree of weakness bears more bitter fruit than the tree of crime; that crime often escapes punishment, but weakness never—that the strong, even if they be bad, pass to the grave more triumphantly than those who are foolish in their virtue.

The world punishes weakness, which is a fault, and God crime, which is a sin; and this, which at first seems a hard doctrine, may, I think, if well considered, prove the exponent of many a difficulty which meets us in society.

Seeing the gentle suffer and the wicked triumph, we cry aloud—"Can God be just?" You have done so, reader, some time or other in your agony; we have all done so till we have seen light, and the light would appear, as I have said before, to be this—that errors of judgment, and weak yieldings to temptation, are punished here with bitter repentance and sad misfortune, whilst graver faults and mighty sins are judged before a higher tribunal in the world to come.

God is just; even our darkened eyes can see this if we look for the line. His hand traces along the whole of a human life—following it back and back to the first folly, the first weakness, we see how these things have influenced the whole future of an existence—have changed the whole current of events; we can follow the effect of one rash, imprudent action from boyhood to old age; but we cannot, as a rule, track the consequences of a crime if it only escape public detection.

A man, having once sinned safely, may walk through existence without any sorrow befalling him; but when the weak die and leave the consequences of their folly behind them, the wicked have to carry their crimes with them into the domains of Eternity.

Thus, for his weakness in having first contracted debts, and then rushed into matrimony as an escape from them, Mr. Feering senior was punished even when he strove to act rightly—and for the folly of confiding in a stranger, of listening to the seductive voice of the charmer, the Rev. Hugh Feering was destined in after-days to eat fruit which he did not then imagine to be growing for him.

Hugh Feering is not a man with the strength of will and inflexibility of purpose that we have seen so forcibly depicted in George Geith. Brought up to the Church with the prospect of the good living of Savel Scory, he is sufficiently impressed with a sense of duty to acknowledge in principle the law of work, though he sets himself to it rather against the grain, giving up for it manfully his tastes for sport and muscularity in general. His rough-hewn resolutions for good are, however, shaped in part by inevitable circumstances, in part by the astute and active will of the scheming lawyer Mr. Trennier Edfords, whose plan it is to secure Hugh for his daughter, at the same time gaining for that young gentleman the estate of Crome, through his own private knowledge of a flaw in the title of the elder brother, Robert Feering. To this end Hugh is installed in the curacy of Swarston Royal, in spite of the well-meant counterplotting of Mr. Edfords' niece, "Gem," otherwise Mima Trennier, who is destined to be the Cassandra of Hugh's professional career, and who, fearful of the lowering effects of so worldly a place upon Hugh's resolutions to work hard, seeks to turn his latent energies towards some likelier sphere. An incipient sympathy between these young people is broken off by the lawyer's carrying out forthwith Gem's engagement with the kindly but simple John Griesley. Our novelist's personages being inexorably born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, Mima has to pay the penalty in part of her parents' weakness—through which she has been disinherited—in part of her own passing relaxation of the law of work. Her husband's unthinking devotion to his relations entails upon his well-meaning but restless and sensitive bride—who would do her duty if she knew it—a war for supremacy in her own house with his spiteful sister Mrs. Sayne and her odious boy Dick, which brings Mima to death's-door. Returning to her task with a revived sense of duty, she is brought under the dangerous stimulus of the ministry of the Rev. Gilbert Glave, the gifted and zealous preacher. Fitted as she is to be the good genius of the piece, her evil destiny causes Mima to bring nothing but grief upon herself and every one else. With all her strength of principle and devotion to duty, she does but entangle herself and Gilbert Glave in what becomes a dangerous personal attraction for each other. There is something unnaturally painful in the growth and unhappiness of this scandal, while the miseries through which the unhappy Mima has to pass before all is cleared up between her husband and herself, and they turn to seek a new and happier home away from his relatives in a foreign land, are positively revolting to sound taste. The tragic really passes into the ludicrous when the unfortunate woman is half drowned through falling out of a boat in her mad flight after quarrelling with her husband, has her child torn from her by Dick the spy, bolts off in the plight in which she leaves the water to the railway station, takes the train to Birmingham by mistake for that which leads to her uncle's, and lies for weeks in a brain fever, while the ponds are vainly being dragged for the supposed suicide. If a moment of weakness for the world or self brings down penalties so condign, what would be the doom of the ungodly and of the sinner?

Nor are the troubles of Hugh Feering of a much less complex or gratuitous cast. Spurred on by Mima's warning words, and by his resolve to stick to his work in the Church, he at first grapples manfully with the pandemonium of the Swarston mining district, though he "felt, as the days rolled heavily by, that he had buried himself alive—that he had entombed his warm, living body in a wall of stone, against which he might beat for release till eternity." What the authoress characteristically terms "the acmé of temptation—will struggling against the conscience, the wrong warring against the right, the body refusing to discharge the duties the mind would lay upon it"—is for a time too much for Hugh, and

at once his pains are multiplied. His father dies intestate. Robert, who succeeds to the entire property, gives away Savel Scory to another man. Hugh throws up his curacy, breaks off his engagement, and has to do fearful battle with the devil of his own feeling of revenge, and with Mr. Edfords' wiles, which prompt him to make good his title to Crome. "Down the broad road leading to destruction Hugh Feering galloped that night, as though he had been a child of the devil, and were eagerly rushing home. The world, and the things of this world—money, position, leisure, and above all, revenge—he thought of rapturously." This is precisely the situation in which our lady novelists in general, and the present writer beyond them all, so much love to picture their heroes. No less characteristic a trait of the same idiosyncrasy is shown in the sentiment by aid of which Hugh throws the world and the devil behind him, that he "had no right to speak of a mother's disgrace to her son." Robert, however, is so far wrought upon in the end by this act of abnegation as to force upon his half-brother four thousand a year, while a "gentle loving wife" comes to him in the person of Maud March, the wealthy widow, who has before prevailed upon him to accept from her the living of Stoke Abbas, and whose previous career has in it quite enough of mysteriousness and intricacy to make up a romance by itself. Indeed, the number of personages that crowd these pages, the way in which their fates are made to dovetail into each other, and in which each one proves to be related by legal or natural ties to all the rest, amounts to a positive fault in the work. To carry in one's mind the family relationships thus brought to light, not merely through the dim notices and hints thrown out at the commencement, but even after the complete *dénouement* of the plot, is hard work for any one but a pedigree lawyer. Such errors of excess, however, together with certain blunders into which lady novelists are sure to be betrayed when straying into the dangerous precincts of the law, form no serious blot upon the surface of a work otherwise wrought up to the highest finish, and conspicuous even for over-elaboration and care. Were it not for the rigid fatalism of its design, and its want of balance in the moral elements, such as the adjustment of motives to ends, and of duty to its reward—not to speak of its pervading gloominess of tone—the *World in the Church* might be cited as one of the best-constructed and most truthful stories of real life that we have seen for many a day, as it is unquestionably one of the most powerful in conception of character and most conscientious in the working out of every incident. As it is, it affords pregnant and hopeful promise of what the writer may one day effect.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

Price 6d. unstamped; or 7d. stamped.

CONTENTS OF No. 498, MAY 13, 1865:

America.	The Reform Debate.
The Indian Budget.	Archbishop Manning.
	Germany and the Danubius.
	The Westminster Election.
	Italy.
	Strikes and Lock-Outs.
May Meetings.	Wilkes Booth.
Mistaken Estimates of Self.	The Seal of Confession.
Academical Democracy.	The Edmunds, and some other, Scandal.
The Yorkshire Sophisters.	Central Asia.
Exhibition of the Old Water-Colour Society.	
Don John of Austria.	
My Diary in America in the Midst of War.	Chinab' Mélanges Égyptologiques.
Popular Genealogists.	The Hilliards and the Bartons.
A Greek National Calendar.	A Winter in Algeria.
	Joseph le Dern.
	The World in the Church.